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RUSSIAN POLICY.

TOO much importance has perhaps been attached by impatient enemies of Turkey to a mysterious article in the *Official Gazette* of St. Petersburg. It scarcely seems to be the duty of English journalists to stimulate Russian ambition by incessantly proclaiming, without authority and without intelligible motive, the abandonment of the policy which has during the present century been steadily pursued by England. That no such change has been officially adopted appears from Lord DERBY's well-considered language in his recent speech at Liverpool. It is unnecessary to invite that Russian intervention which would precipitate a dangerous struggle. Whether the official declaration of the Russian Government has any definite meaning can only be known by future experience. It is perfectly intelligible that, after the earlier display of friendly regard to the Porte, some satisfaction should be offered to the religious and national susceptibilities which may possibly have been offended. The conventional phraseology of the article is obviously designed to admit of a double interpretation. The vague intimation that the position of the Christian population of Turkey must be amended will hereafter be consistent with inaction or with interference, as either course may from time to time be thought desirable. Since the beginning of the insurrection in Herzegovina the Russian Foreign Office has caused some surprise by ostentatious announcements of confidence in the benevolence and wisdom of the SULTAN. The backwardness of the Government not unnaturally stimulated popular sympathy to express itself in subscriptions for the benefit of the fugitives, which might perhaps be occasionally applied to the furtherance of the rebellion. It is more likely that the Government may now desire to place itself in harmony with the general feeling than that it has suddenly altered its policy. Little responsibility is incurred by a declaration that the European Cabinets, including England, France, and Italy, must take steps to strengthen the confidence without which Turkish reforms cannot be accomplished. At the same time, it is possible that a diplomatic feint may be converted into a serious attack. The report that a Russian Circular had been addressed to the other Powers proves to be unfounded; but it is now said that Count ANDRASSY has been entrusted by the three Imperial Courts with the preparation of a plan for restoring peace and for protecting the Christians of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It may be confidently assumed that the Austro-Hungarian Government will not propose any measure which will facilitate the aggrandizement of Russia.

The Russian Note, according to the simplest interpretation, presents the character of an official apology. The restraint which has been placed on the warlike aspirations of the adjacent petty States is explained by the dangers which a rupture would have entailed on Serbia and Herzegovina as well as on Turkey. The rebellion is softened down into extreme measures adopted by the Herzegovines in consequence of excessive taxation. The Government, in justifying its past abstention, gives reasons for persisting in the same policy. It will always be easy, if the occasion arises, to announce that the EMPEROR's patience is exhausted, and that it has at last become indispensable to take a more active part in the contest. It was unnecessary to explain the reasons which induced the Russian Government to discourage the sympathies which seemed at first to be accorded to the rebellion by Austria.

It was possible that Bosnia and Herzegovina, which could scarcely be annexed to Russia, might become Austrian provinces. The alliance of the three Imperial Courts, however sincere, is not yet sufficiently intimate to induce Russia to look with complacency on the territorial aggrandizement of a neighbouring rival. Even the annexation of the disturbed provinces to Serbia or to Montenegro might perhaps not produce unmixed satisfaction at St. Petersburg. If circumstances change, a different interpretation will be assigned to the guarded language of the official journal. The reported successes of the insurgents, if the accounts prove to be true, may suggest the expediency of encouraging an enterprise which has thus far been steadily discountenanced. The financial difficulties of the Porte cannot have strengthened the friends of Turkey; but it would be premature to assume that military operations will be suspended for want of money. In the earlier part of the century Austria conducted a long succession of costly wars in a chronic state of insolvency. Every other department of the public service will be starved, and perhaps creditors may be exposed to additional sacrifices, before the Turkish Government will relax its efforts in the field.

Two distinct schools of politicians deprecate, on different or opposite grounds, the uneasiness with which the intentions of Russia are generally regarded. Writers who are apparently actuated by disinterested animosity to the Turks would perhaps almost rather see the Russians established at Constantinople than tolerate the continued existence of a neutral Power which neither professes European creeds nor maintains a financial equilibrium. More thoughtful optimists have persuaded themselves that Russian antagonism to England becomes less and less formidable, notwithstanding the increase of general alarm. In both the two quarters of the globe in which English and Russian interests might be brought into collision it may be plausibly contended that the less aggressive party is constantly becoming relatively stronger. The connexion between the affairs of Central Asia and the politics of South-Eastern Europe is recognized by both sects of the prophets of peace. The journalists who urge the interference of Russia in Herzegovina habitually affect entire satisfaction with the progress of Russia in Central Asia. At the same time, Mr. GRANT DUFF, in continuation of his amicable controversy with Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, repeats opinions on the Central Asian question which seem almost too pleasant to be true, and contrasts the advance of England in wealth and population with the slower progress of Russia. In the early part of the century there were twelve millions of inhabitants in Great Britain, with, as Mr. GRANT DUFF says, a hostile Ireland behind them. The population of Russia, which then was four times as great, has since increased to 71,000,000; but England and Scotland now number 27,000,000, or more than three-eighths of the population of Russia. The advance of England in wealth, in revenue, and in manufacturing resources has been still more rapid in proportion; and Mr. GRANT DUFF has not thought it necessary to compare the former and the actual military establishments of the two Powers. His question whether Russian difficulties in Poland have diminished in the same proportion with English difficulties in Ireland admits of an answer which Mr. GRANT DUFF is not prepared to adopt. The resistance of Poland to Russian dominion seems to have been finally suppressed, while Irish demagogues still profit by unbounded liberty to sustain a constant agitation against English rule. Three-quarters of a century ago the chronic distress

and the excessive population of Ireland provided a supply of recruits which, in the present prosperous state of the island, is no longer forthcoming. Mr. GRANT DUFF may perhaps be right in his contention that no other measures are required as precautions against Russian interference with India; yet he confesses that an attack on Herat would render war with Russia instantly unavoidable; and he doubts whether her occupation of Merv might not be objectionable. A Russian expedition to Merv has already been despatched, and Herat may at any time be exposed to Persian assaults or intrigues at the instigation of Russia. Mr. GRANT DUFF was charged with the duty of expressing in the House of Commons the opinions of the late Government on matters relating to India and to Central Asia. He disputes Sir H. RAWLINSON's theory that Afghanistan ought to be erected into a barrier against Russia; yet successive Viceroys have assisted and subsidized the ruler of Cabul for that very purpose, and Lord CLARENDON and Lord GRANVILLE negotiated a treaty for the express object of excluding Russia from all right of dealing with Afghanistan.

The comparison between the respective revenues of England and of Russia would be more reassuring if, in the event of complications in Turkey, both States were likely to be equally resolute in their policy and equally ready with their armaments. The love of peace which has grown up in England within the memory of the present generation, though it is both genuine and praiseworthy, unavoidably diminishes the diplomatic influence of the Government. Foreign Powers may or may not feel moral respect for an opponent who will only fight at the last extremity, but they are not likely to defer to his wishes or remonstrances. It is also practically impossible to raise English forces to the modern standard of Continental armies. The consequence is that Russia is likely to be checked rather by Austria and Germany than by England in European schemes of aggression. The case is happily different in India, where an army prepared for war, with chiefs not disinclined to a warlike policy, is always ready to protect the Empire. Both Mr. GRANT DUFF and his commentators would have done well to be silent on the difficult question of Egypt. It is unnecessary to excite premature jealousy, and to furnish a precedent for ambitious projects. The latest change in the balance of power is in some respects favourable to Russian ambition. If Germany has become both independent and formidable, France would perhaps be ready to purchase a powerful alliance by abandoning Turkey to Russia. Austria, on the other hand, will never voluntarily consent to an extension of Russian dominion southward.

THE JUDICATURE ACT.

THE Judicature Act has come into operation, and a new legal system prevails in England. It is not to be expected that the Act will work smoothly at first. There are some oversights, some inconsistencies, and not a few obscurities in it, and its imperfections rather than its merits are sure to strike every one at first. A thousand points of practice arise under its provisions which puzzle the legal profession, and can only be settled as they come under the notice of the judges. The power of the judges to settle how the Act is to be worked is very large, and orders will speedily be framed to meet the most urgent difficulties. But the Act only came into operation on Monday last, and the judges had no power to make orders in anticipation. They have therefore been outstripped by the cases that have actually come before them. An attorney, for example, asked to be struck off the rolls of the High Court, and it was discovered that the High Court itself never sat, but only divisions of it, and all that the judges to whom the application was made could say was that, so far as they could do so, they acceded to the application. The Act provides that the judges may lay down rules as to attorneys; but there had not been time enough for the judges to meet and lay down any such rules. When such rules are laid down then it will be perfectly easy for any division to deal with an application to strike off an attorney from the rolls. This is a good instance to show that the first days of the operation of the Act are sure to furnish cases which make the Act seem worse than it really is. In the same way, on the first day when the

Lords Justices sat, the whole proceedings were thrown into complete confusion by its being impossible to say whether the cases that came before them required the presence of three or of only two judges to hear them. It was necessary to defer the consideration of a number of cases which a few months ago the Lords Justices would have disposed of quickly and to the satisfaction of every one, because an Act had been passed which perhaps required, and perhaps did not require, a third or ornamental judge to come and sit with them. Before long the judges will arrange in what cases a third judge is to come in and hear what the Lords Justices are doing. Things will then flow on smoothly; in a definite number of cases the Lords Justices will do their work alone, and in another definite number of cases an ornamental judge will sit with them. It may be said that when things have thus settled themselves down, although the public will not have lost much, it will gain nothing. Nor is it to be denied that this is true, if attention is fixed, as it is likely to be, on this one instance and on this one Court. But an Act of Parliament which introduces a permanent system cannot be framed to meet a temporary set of circumstances. The Court of the Lords Justices happens at present to be a very strong Court. It also happens that their new assistant does not assume his seat on the bench with any general expectation that he would add to the strength of a Court. But the Court of the Justices has been weak before now, and may be weak again, and the Government of the day might think fit to appoint as the assistant of the Justices a really strong man. It might then be the remark of the profession, What a very good thing it was to have a third judge! Complaints, therefore, arising from doubts as to practice in the first working of the Act, and criticisms founded on the accidental strength of particular Courts, ought to be received by the public with great caution. No doubt it is hard on the particular sufferers who have now the misfortune to be litigants that perfectly new points of practice and law should be settled at their expense. Much pity and sympathy are due to the involuntary martyrs who become the heroes of leading cases. But if they are capable of enough patriotic enthusiasm, they may reflect with pride that their blood is the seed of justice. They pay and the law is made. The mass of the public may render a tribute of compassion to their sufferings, but what really interests it is that the law when made should be good.

The two objects of the Judicature Act were to improve the machinery of the administration of justice, and to improve the law which is administered; and the Act cannot be judged fairly until it is seen how far these two important objects are practically attained under its provisions. To effect such objects is a very difficult thing. First, general ideas, bold, simple, and novel, have to be grasped; and then details have to be devised by means of which these ideas are made a reality. It may be said without much hesitation that the Act is more successful under the first head than under the second. Properly speaking, there are three Judicature Acts, and there are rules and orders appended to them; and the scheme has suffered through the means by which it has been carried out. The principle, too, which the framers of this body of legislation appear, perhaps wisely, to have adopted, is that when they did not see what was to be done, they would leave it to the judges to settle the point for themselves. The general impression produced is not unlike that which would be produced by the sight of a canvas on which a painter who had conceived a great but somewhat vague design had traced outlines, sometimes masterly, sometimes blurred, sometimes hardly visible, and had then left it to his pupils to see what they could do in the way of finishing his composition. A person invited to pronounce an opinion on such a canvas would ask himself whether the main conception showed thought, invention, and power, whether a good beginning had been made, and whether there was a fair probability that other hands could make something of the production. The examiner of the canvas of the Judicature Act may answer all these questions in the affirmative. There is great merit in the design, a good though imperfect beginning has been made, and the judges, with the aid perhaps of one or two auxiliary statutes, may be trusted to put it into an effective shape. It is contemplated that from time to time the judges should assemble to discuss among themselves how the Act works,

and that they should lay the results of these discussions before the Home Secretary, whose business it will be to see that new legislation helps where the help of new legislation may be needed. This is an excellent arrangement, and removes one of the chief obstacles which have hitherto stood so much in the way of Law Reform. It has been too much the fashion to make changes, salutary perhaps in their main purpose, but full of faults, and then to leave it entirely to the judges to work them out, without any opportunity or thought of revision. The judges, leaning naturally to the old law with which they were familiar, have often discovered with triumph the blots in the new Acts imposed on them, have limited the operation of these Acts as much as possible, and things have gone on very much as they went on previously. There is every reason to hope that the Judicature Act will meet with a very different fate. Judges who are invited to study the working of an Act, and to inform a Secretary of State what they want enacted to make it work better, cannot fold their hands and say that they can make nothing of the curious measure to which Parliament has been pleased to give the force of law. But this is not all. Times have changed. Judges are now affected by the spirit of the age in which they live. They do not shrink from changes because they are changes, or from undertaking new duties because they are new. They like to sit in as many places, to fulfil functions as various, as the nation wishes. If they are asked to fuse Law and Equity, they would not wish to have it supposed that they are not the men to fuse them. The judges are not set against the new system; but, on the contrary, show the most creditable desire to make it work. The ample powers confided to them are in willing hands; and this will give the Act a chance of thriving which it could not have had in the hands of men with the ideas, the principles, and the prejudices of another generation.

The main idea for the improvement of the administration of justice which pervades the Act is to give suitors enough judges and sufficient means of getting judgment. The main idea for the improvement of the law to be administered is to have one system of law in every Court, and to get the merits of the case decided with as much simplicity and rapidity as possible. Under the latter head come improvements in pleading, in practice, in the taking of evidence; and, above all, in what is termed the fusion of Law and Equity. This does not mean that every judge is to do the work which either a Common Law judge or an Equity judge would have done. That is impossible, for there is a real, inherent, and ineradicable distinction between different kinds of judicial work, and some kinds of judicial work will be given to some judges and some to others. It means that the procedure in all actions will be, so far as possible, assimilated, and that each judge will have power to carry out the task assigned him, and come to the best decision he can, with liberty to draw the principle on which he decides from the source best suited to the case in hand. The provisions for improving the administration of justice are, however, of a kind to produce a more striking effect on the general public. An attempt has been made to facilitate the carrying on actions up to a late point, if not to the close of the proceedings, in the districts where the parties live; but it may be doubted whether, in their present shape, the provisions of the Act on this head will do much to secure the object aimed at. The principal change is to make the judicial staff more available, to make it easier for a suitor to get a judge to try his cause, to release some of the judges from a portion of their duties as joint members of a Court, and to send these to try causes as causes are ready for hearing. The mischief of the old system was that, although there were eighteen Common Law judges, there were so many things which judges must unite to do, there were so many hampering rules as to when and where and for how long they might sit, the business in different Courts was so unequal, in one place too heavy, in another too light, that the judges, although sincerely anxious to do justice to suitors, could not do it, and the Courts of Common Law, when the new Act came into operation, were overwhelmed with arrears. By degrees, as the judges use the novel powers confided to them, the Act will do much to prevent artificial and unnecessary delays, and suitors will be able to go to law with a fair hope of getting a judge to hear what they have to say. The staff of judges will also be practically largely increased under the new system, and

in a direction where such an increase was largely needed. One of the most vexatious abuses of the old law was that when a judge found that a cause coming before him involved complicated matters which it would take a long time to unravel, he sent it to an arbitrator, whom the parties themselves had to pay. This was most unfair on suitors. They had all the enormous expense of going to trial only to find that they had to begin all over again, and when they at last got a judge, they had themselves to pay for him. There is not the slightest reason why the country should pay for the judges in some causes and the parties be obliged to pay for the judges in others. The removal of this abuse and denial of justice is one of the best features of the new system. Official referees are to be appointed and paid by the Act, and it is only to be hoped that the effect of this salutary provision will not be nullified by stinginess of the Treasury or unwise selection, and that really good men, with handsome salaries, will be appointed in sufficient numbers.

MINISTERIAL PROJECTS.

THE resumption of Cabinet Councils shows that the time has come for the members of the Ministry to consider what lies before them next Session. They may address themselves to their tasks with alacrity and cheerfulness. There is nothing to disturb them, or to call their attention from the difficult task of deciding what measures to propose, and what the measures they may propose are to be. There is at least a pause in our disputes with China, and if the condition of Turkey is enough to take away lightness of heart from a Foreign Secretary, the embarrassments that may arise from the gradual or rapid disruption of the Ottoman Empire are not likely to be immediately pressing. Although the harvest may not have been good, it has been better than was anticipated in the wet days of the summer, and there is nothing in the state of trade or the prospects of the revenue to make the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER anxious. A small portion of the Session must unavoidably be devoted to the discussion, criticism, and defence of recent Ministerial blunders. But it will be possible to prevent much time being thus consumed, if the Ministry, with politic simplicity, will own that it has been wrong as rapidly as decency will permit. A good beginning has already been made in the absolute withdrawal of the Slavery Circular as soon as the Cabinet assembled. The Cabinet may reckon with tolerable certainty on being able to devote most of the Session to carrying its measures. If it chooses it can derive much profit from the experience of last Session. The chief difficulty with which the Government has to contend is that it is pledged by promises, and bound by its duties to the public, to deal with questions which do not excite much political opposition, and which every one thanks them for bringing forward, but which deal with many matters of daily life, affect many interests, and as to which one man's opinion seems almost as good as another man's opinion. Sir HENRY JAMES, when speaking at Taunton, blamed Mr. DISRAELI for his readiness to listen to every one, and to let every section in turn help to mould his Bills. Possibly, in its amiable desire to please every one, the Government has occasionally shown too little firmness in insisting on its own views being adopted, although political opponents would have been sure to inveigh against this firmness, if they had found it exercised to their cost. But, in justice to the Government, it ought to be remembered that it is especially bound to hear patiently all that is said on subjects that affect the daily life of thousands of people in very different localities, and that, if there is any wisdom in Parliament, it is in such matters that it ought to display itself. The Government must foresee that the measures it will propose, which must necessarily be of a social rather than a political character, will evoke much criticism, and suggest many amendments, and that friendly opposition and friendly criticism consume as much time as the attacks of opponents. The measures, therefore, that it can propose, with a prospect of carrying them, cannot be numerous, and it can afford to despise the vain display of offering in the QUEEN'S Speech a long array of proposals which it cannot hope to shape into law. It may be added that it very much conduces to the effective conduct of business that Government Bills should be well drawn, and that the Minister in

charge of them should thoroughly understand them. Experience has shown that this salutary aim is not attainable if the Government Bills are too numerous. Ministers cannot satisfactorily confer with overworked draughtsmen, and overworked draughtsmen cannot produce ten good Bills in the time which is required to frame six well.

There must be many proposals for the Government to consider, which the respective departments of administration wish to see sanctioned by statute, in order to make improvements in a limited sphere. There must, too, be several amending statutes, and, more especially, the Judicature Act will require an auxiliary statute to clear up doubts which the unfortunate wording of some of its sections is sure to suggest as they come to be put in operation. But these are minor matters. Among Bills which the Government cannot avoid taking up, as it has stopped halfway in the consideration of the subjects to which they refer, and has pledged itself to resume at the earliest possible date the interrupted thread of legislation, there are three which readily suggest themselves. In the first place there is the Merchant Shipping Bill. The extraordinary consequences of the effervescence and collapse of Mr. PLIMSOLL enabled or forced the Government to carry a measure by which Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY was invested with a temporary dictatorship to see that the Ministry did not take any harm by the unnecessary loss of the lives of seamen. This dictatorship is to cease when a permanent measure is passed, and the Government has undertaken to introduce a measure that will be permanent. In the opinion of Conservative critics Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY showed himself last Session scarcely strong enough for his place, and at the end of the Session the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was commissioned to supersede him, and to represent the Government in the hurried legislation which owed its origin to Mr. PLIMSOLL. Whether it will be necessary to take the same course next Session, it will be for the Cabinet to decide; but it is evident that a new Merchant Shipping Bill cannot be got through except at the cost of an enormous amount of time, unless it is in the charge of a Minister who has seen that his Bill is a thoroughly good one, has mastered all its details, and can make a strong impression on the House when he states and maintains his views. Secondly, the constitution of the Supreme Court of Appeal was in a similar way left last Session in an unsettled state in order that it might be finally disposed of in the coming Session. The CHANCELLOR has therefore a task assigned him from which he cannot escape, and this time he will probably take care that nothing is proposed but what is sure to receive the hearty support of his colleagues. He is not likely to expose himself a second time to the humiliation of a sudden rebellion. But possibly he will not find his duty a very difficult one to discharge. He has to work in a comparatively narrow groove, and all he has to do is to invent a new Court and to call it the House of Lords. Lastly, it must be remembered that Lord SALISBURY was suddenly arrested last Session in the middle of his attempt to pass a measure for the protection of rivers from pollution. He had, however, got far enough to realize how great were the difficulties he had to encounter, and how intricate were the problems with which he had to deal. The subject was probably confided to him because it was thought a pity that no special use should be made of the energy of a very energetic man. At any rate Lord SALISBURY will need all the energy he possesses if he is to frame and pass an effectual measure on so complicated a subject next Session; and, as a condition of success, he will have to find a colleague able and willing to carry the Bill through the Commons.

All these are measures which the Government has already taken up and carried to a certain point, and which it can scarcely help going on with. But it will probably wish also to occupy new ground, and to attempt legislation of a wider and more ambitious, if not of a more difficult, character. It may think it due to itself and necessary to its credit to bring something big before Parliament. Perhaps it may light on some new ideas, and may prefer to astonish the world by undertaking something of which no one has thought before. But it may be observed that there are two subjects which it has already announced that it is going to take up, which it has not yet touched, and which are difficult enough to satisfy the requirements of the most indefatigable and ambitious of Cabinets. The Conservatives have long been pledged to deal with county administration; and in the last QUEEN'S Speech the Ministry announced that they were prepared to institute a Public

Prosecutor. It cannot be doubted that to produce and carry bold, prudent, and operative measures on these heads would be a great triumph to the Ministry, and would do it infinite credit. The establishment of a Public Prosecutor belongs properly to the department of the Home Secretary, and Mr. CROSS may be spurred by the memory of his successes last Session to try to accomplish a much more difficult task than he has hitherto attempted. At any rate he may be trusted to study the subject well before he makes up his mind what to propose, and he is not unlikely to underestimate the difficulties that are before him. These difficulties lie partly in the creation of the requisite machinery; but they also lie in the temper and habits of the people. It is certain that a vast amount of crime now goes unpunished for want of a Public Prosecutor. So long as prosecutions depend on the caprice of private persons, they are sure to be often waived through indolence or fear, and abandoned through pity or in accordance with a secret arrangement. Compounding felony is supposed to be a crime in English law, but it is a crime committed so habitually, so openly, and so much as a matter of course, that every one thinks he has a right to commit it. As the theory of the criminal law is that crimes are committed against the State, it is theoretically indisputable that the State is concerned in seeing them punished; but magistrates are every day obliged to see crimes go unpunished because prosecutors have been induced to withdraw. This is not right; but it is one thing to see that something is not right, and another thing to get Parliament to pass a Bill to remedy the evil. Mr. CROSS is sure to find that many persons will consider themselves defrauded of a right if the privilege of punishing or not punishing crimes committed to their detriment is withdrawn from them. Much in the same way it may be confidently said that the existing system of county administration is not perfect. But it has at least the merit of being in honest hands, so far as it is entrusted to the magistrates; and directly a change is proposed, many will feel, and some will acknowledge, that a door is being opened to evils which are at present unknown. Although, too, the incidence of local taxation may not be wholly and strictly equitable, yet custom has made it easy to bear, and any considerable amount of shifting of this incidence might provoke a formidable amount of popular clamour, and it might not be easy to show that a new injustice was not being committed to remedy an old one. The difficulties that beset these subjects are not sufficient to deter an able and strong Ministry from grappling with them. But if the Ministry redeems its pledge, and takes up these subjects, or either of them, full allowance ought to be made for the embarrassments that will beset it. Weak measures in such cases are worse than none; and it cannot be denied that the Ministry has some leaning to weak measures. But if the Ministerial measures on these heads are not weak, they ought to be criticized with the utmost fairness and candour, and to be treated without any display of partisanship or political rivalry.

AMERICA AND CUBA.

A CLAP of thunder in a clear sky has suddenly been heard from the West. The American Government now, as on some former occasions, reproduces with unnecessary fidelity the mysterious idiom of European diplomacy. The official and semi-official announcements of Russian policy in Turkey and in Asia constitute a familiar puzzle deliberately contrived for the perplexity of statesmen. General GRANT has adopted the Russian method in his late communications to the Associated Press of Washington. A few weeks ago it was rumoured that some difficulty had arisen on the question of Cuba between the United States and Spain. The next step was an informal contradiction of the statement, which is now officially confirmed. Mr. CUSHING has, if the official statement may be trusted, been instructed to inform the Spanish Government that the PRESIDENT is not disposed to tolerate much longer the continuance of the civil war in Cuba. With the pleasant candour which characterizes American diplomacy, General GRANT is said to have expressed the opinion that an integral part of the Spanish Monarchy ought to be constituted into an independent Republic "in harmony with other American Republics." He professes indeed to have hoped that all difficulties would be settled by the spontaneous action of Spain, but he now entertains "a fixed conviction of American duty when an emergency

"shall arise." In exactly the same spirit Russia alternately relies on the wisdom of the SULTAN to ameliorate the condition of his Christian subjects, and, when occasion arises, announces her own determination to protect those who belong to her own creed and race. On the whole, the Russian sympathies with Turkish Christians are more plausible than the American interest in the dissensions of Cuba. It may be true that slavery is the main cause of Cuban troubles, but only a few years have passed since American intervention was threatened on the pretext that the institution of slavery required additional protection. Russian Emperors cannot be accused of having threatened the disruption of Turkey for the benefit of the Mahometan population; and indeed they have also for the most part assumed a conventional belief in the possibility of preserving the Turkish Government. When General GRANT hoped that difficulties in Cuba would be removed by the spontaneous action of Spain, he was well aware that Moderates and Progressists, Royalists and Republicans, unanimously repudiate the only solution which he regards as satisfactory or desirable.

Mr. CUSHING's note, though its contents have only been made public within a few days, was delivered in September last; and it is now announced that the conduct of the lamb causes uneasiness in the anxious breast of the wolf. "The delay of the Spanish Cabinet in answering the Note causes restlessness at Washington, and extensive preparations are being made to strengthen the navy." The painful feelings of alarm which induce the PRESIDENT to fit out sloops and to count his ironclad ships must diminish the confidence of Peace Societies in the long suffering of Republican Governments. It is not unknown to General GRANT and to his Cabinet that during the present autumn the Spanish Government has been fully occupied in preparations for ending the wearisome civil war in the Northern provinces. While King ALFONSO and his Ministers were risking their popularity by a new levy of recruits, General GRANT rendered them the service of diverting a considerable part of their forces to Cuba for the protection of the island against foreign invasion as well as against domestic turbulence. His excuse for remonstrance is cynical in its contempt for the ordinary rules of courtesy which regulate the intercourse of independent States. It seems that "American relations with Cuba are altogether anomalous, no direct means of redress being provided in Cuba for injuries to Americans, the only method being a slow circuitous course *via* Madrid." If the complaint is well founded, no Power can with impunity hold colonial possessions in the neighbourhood of the United States. No direct redress is provided for injuries to Americans in Canada or in Jamaica, the only method being a slow and circuitous course *via* London. With at least equal reason Spain or England might demand the dissolution of the Union on the ground that injuries inflicted by any separate American State render necessary a slow and circuitous application to Washington. It may be observed that the grievance which is urged by General GRANT is independent both of slavery and of the rebellion. It would still be possible that Americans might receive injuries in Cuba after the abolition of slavery and the restoration of internal peace.

The restlessness which prevails at Washington is perhaps with stronger reason felt at Madrid. The American papers announce that on the 25th of October the Spanish Government ordered five ironclads and ten frigates to be prepared for the Cuba station, and they add that numerous reinforcements have arrived at Havannah, and large purchases of provisions for the troops have been made. As if to increase the perplexity of political observers, the Spanish papers both disavow the rumoured armaments and express a doubt whether General GRANT has correctly described the tenor of his own Note; yet it will scarcely be safe to assume that his sole object was to create a false impression at home on the eve of the November elections. It had not previously been known that the Government had so good an excuse for its comparative slackness in the prosecution of the war with the Carlists. General GRANT will probably have done humanity the service of prolonging for another year a barren and wasteful contest. It might be curious to inquire what a Geneva Board of Arbitrators would think of the merits of the quarrel which he has devised. Although the PRESIDENT professes not to desire the annexation of Cuba to the United States, he has been the steady advocate of territorial aggrandizement. But for the opposition of more prudent politicians, San Domingo would

now be an American State or colony; and there is no reason to doubt that he foresees the necessary conversion of an anarchical Republic into an American possession. Judicious Americans have no desire to extend equal privileges to new and inferior communities. The political emancipation of the Southern negroes was unavoidable, but it would be a wanton blunder to admit into a partnership in American sovereignty a heterogeneous mass of slaves and aliens, wholly unconnected by race, religion, and manners with the people of the United States. The acquisition of Texas, which also passed through the stage of nominally independent existence as a Republic, has not generally been regarded as creditable to the Americans of a former generation. It makes little difference that Texas was annexed for the benefit of slaveholders, and that an opposite pretext is assumed for interference in Cuba.

Notwithstanding insolent menaces and ostensible preparations, the Spanish Government may console itself with the probable conjecture that the PRESIDENT has been exclusively influenced by personal motives. A few weeks ago General GRANT caused universal surprise by a wanton attack on the Roman Catholics, who had offered him as little provocation as their co-religionists in Spain. When the first surprise subsided it was perceived that denunciation of the Catholics was merely a bid for Protestant votes. General GRANT has never disclaimed the candidature for the Presidency which he still thinks practicable, though election for a third time has been denounced in several State Conventions. The Note delivered by Mr. CUSHING, or the statement that such a Note has been presented, is probably a still more audacious attempt to reanimate the PRESIDENT's waning popularity. A war would perhaps add to the military reputation which raised him to his present post, and his desire for conquest is probably more sincere than his jealousy of the Catholics. According to the calumnious accusation of ARISTOPHANES, PERICLES involved all Greece in war because two of ASPASIA's waiting maids had been carried off by rovers from Megara. General GRANT is much more capable of provoking a quarrel with Spain as an electioneering manoeuvre. It is well that he is partially secured by the provisions of the Constitution against the consequences of his rash and unjustifiable proceeding. The consent of the Senate is necessary to a declaration of war, and it is highly improbable that it will be given. The Americans generally consult their own interest in political action, although they may indulge in verbal menaces. There is no pretext and no reason for war with Spain, or for interference in Cuba; and the Senate will not share General GRANT's desire to improve his chance of a nomination for the Presidency. The object of influencing the State elections seems not to have been attained, for no issue of foreign politics appears to have been raised in any State. The unexpected triumph of the Republicans ought to teach party managers the danger of unscrupulous appeals to vulgar prejudice. The Democrats have been defeated in Ohio and in Pennsylvania, and have narrowly escaped defeat in New York, because they proposed, by debasing the currency, to repudiate a part of the National Debt. A year ago the respectable mass of citizens punished the Republicans for their encouragement and practice of pecuniary corruption. Their opponents have in turn been sharply rebuked for deliberate dishonesty. There can now be little doubt that specie payments will be resumed at the time fixed by Act of Congress. On the other hand, the Republican victory will add strength to the cause of Protection. There is every reason to hope that the Republicans will unanimously abstain from nominating General GRANT for re-election.

THE OPENING OF THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE Session which has been awaited with so much interest has been opened, and every French deputy knows that by next week he must have decided whether his vote is to be given for the *scrutin de liste* or the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. The place of the electoral law in the order of the day had been virtually settled before the Assembly met. In the present excitement about the mode of distributing the electors, no other subject could have claimed the attention of the Assembly with any chance of obtaining it. But Thursday was not to pass without an unexpected incident. M. PASCAL DUPRAT rose immediately after M. BUFFET, and asked that the Bills relating to the state of siege and the Municipal Councils should

be discussed between the second and third readings of the electoral law. To this the Government offered no formal opposition, and M. DUPRAT obtained what he asked. His alleged motive for interposing these Bills between the two readings of another Bill was, that the country might know under what conditions the approaching elections will be held. A more practical reason for taking them in this unusual order is the opening thereby afforded for an arrangement at the last moment between the Government and the Opposition. If M. BUFFET takes a conciliatory line about the state of siege and the appointment of mayors, the Left may be able with a better grace to yield to him upon the question of the *scrutins*.

It is singular how little attention has been given to the real merits of the two methods of voting between which the choice has to be made. The traditional passion of the Radicals for the *scrutin de liste* has been outdone by the new passion of the Conservatives for the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. The latter is supposed to constitute an inestimable barrier against the evils of Republicanism, although, so far as appears, not one of its admirers has ever clearly stated to himself what it is that he expects it to do. The *scrutin d'arrondissement* will no doubt relieve the timid Republicans of the Left Centre from the necessity of coming to terms with the bolder Republicans of the Left as to the composition of the lists of candidates. If each *arrondissement* returns its own member there will be no place for compromise. But it by no means follows that this exclusion of compromise will always be to the advantage of moderate as opposed to extreme Republicans. If indeed these were the only parties in the country, the worship of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* would be an intelligible devotion. The Moderates would probably be in a majority in all but a few constituencies, and the only parties worth talking about in the Chamber of Deputies would be the parties into which they themselves would after a time break up. But in almost every part of France the moderate and the extreme Republicans will be confronted by a third party, and though, under the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, there will be no opportunity for constructing a list of candidates which shall receive the support of Republicans of all shades, there will be a necessity of deciding which of the Republican candidates shall have the whole Republican vote. If this necessity is not recognized, and the Republican vote is divided, the return of the Bonapartist candidate will often become a certainty. To prevent this one or other of the Republican candidates will have to retire; and as the extreme candidate will in many cases refuse to do so, the ultimate concession will have to be made by the Moderates. If this often happens, the Left Centre will by degrees become convinced that, objectionable as compromise may be, it is at any rate preferable to unconditional surrender. The present circumstances of France give to any system which diffuses the idea of compromise a peculiar educational value. Under the *scrutin d'arrondissement* there may be compromises in the Chamber of Deputies, but there will be none, or next to none, in the constituencies. Under the *scrutin de liste* the process which Frenchmen have so much need to master begins in the constituencies. The return of a long list of Republican candidates has to be secured, and this can only be done by first securing a united Republican vote. Each section of the Republican party has consequently to be considered in the preparation of the list, and each Republican voter is taught that, in order to obtain the return of the candidates he especially cares for, it is essential to take some trouble to secure the return of the candidates whom other Republican voters especially care for. In this way the distinction between essentials and non-essentials, between principles and details, between questions which are closed and questions which are still open, is gradually impressed upon the electors. There is a further gain also in the fact that deputies who have been included in the same list of candidates are likely to be the most moderate men of their respective sections, and will have been trained to moderation by the reserves which they have had to maintain during their canvass. There will be more danger of a quarrel between the Left and the Left Centre in a Chamber returned by *scrutin d'arrondissement* than in a Chamber returned by *scrutin de liste*.

None of these considerations seem to have presented themselves to the French Conservatives. They have set up an idol in the shape of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and they will not listen to those who warn them

that he will turn out a very useless divinity. It seems to be understood that, if the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is rejected, M. BUFFET is prepared to put in peril the constitutional work of last February. It is impossible, of course, to feel sure that his retirement from office at this moment would have so great an effect, but it is equally impossible to assign it any narrower limits. The speculations about a *plébiscite* which are from time to time started by the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* can hardly be altogether without foundation. It is at least conceivable that Marshal MACMAHON, finding himself deprived of the services of the only Republicans whom he accounts as moderate, might seek to obtain outside the Assembly the stability he would no longer believe himself to enjoy inside it. The reintroduction of *plébiscites* would certainly be fatal to the feeble and still imperfect Constitution of February. If the MARSHAL obtained a very large number of votes in answer to his demand, he would be still more ready than hitherto to regard himself as charged with the duty of choosing Ministers, and not merely with the function of appointing those chosen for him by the Legislature. If, on the other hand, the result of the *plébiscite* showed a very large number of abstentions, the position of the Bonapartists would be immensely strengthened. The principle of a direct appeal to the people would have been conceded, and they would be able to point to the contrast between the seven millions of votes which even in the declining days of the Second Empire were given to NAPOLEON III., and the fraction which had been given to Marshal MACMAHON. The habit of looking forward to another *plébiscite* which should do for NAPOLEON IV. all that former *plébiscites* had done for his father would be planted in the French mind, and, under the failures which would probably attend Marshal MACMAHON's attempt at personal government, its growth might be exceedingly rapid.

Under these circumstances the advocates of the *scrutin de liste* may fairly be of opinion that the evils which are likely to follow upon the adoption of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* are less formidable than those which may be looked for from its rejection. After all, it is not probable that any change in the distribution of electoral power will materially affect the character of the new Legislature. The calculations which assume the success of the Republican Constitution are based upon the presence in all parts of France of a moderate Republican party, differing alike in its composition and in its antecedents from any Republican party that has yet existed in the country. If such a party really exists in the numbers which have been attributed to it, it can hardly fail to return a commanding majority to the Chamber of Deputies whether the votes be taken under the present system or under another. If such a party does not really exist, the prospects of the Republic will be as gloomy under the *scrutin de liste* as under the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. The Constitution of February will not be finally set up in France by any momentary combination of votes; its permanence can only be ensured by its proving to be the form of government most agreeable to the majority of the French people. It is true that under the *scrutin d'arrondissement* the Parliamentary representation of this majority may be less imposing than it would be under the *scrutin de liste*. Where each constituency returns many members the majority gains a factitious bulk which more than reproduces its actual strength in the country. This result has an advantage of its own, in that it helps to hide the necessary brutality of ruling a minority by a majority which may be but a little stronger. But, supposing that the Republicans can command a sufficient majority under the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, the result will in one respect be even more decisive than it would be under the *scrutin de liste*. The mouths of their opponents will be completely stopped. They will have been allowed to redistribute seats after their own pleasure, and to choose the precise kind of constituency which they think best adapted to give them the victory. If, notwithstanding all that they have done, the victory falls to the Republicans, the conclusion that France is Republican will be irresistible. The reactionists will have had the choice of ground and of weapons, and their defeat under these conditions will be proportionately decisive.

THE ADMIRALTY.

IT is announced that the Admiralty Instructions with regard to fugitive slaves, which were some time ago published to the world, have at length reached that stage

when they have received the leisurely consideration of the Government; and the result is that they have been cancelled so that other Instructions may be substituted. It may be thought that it would have been as well if consideration had preceded the issue of a document which was liable to be used against this country as a formal surrender of important principles; and it may perhaps be found that a Government cannot lightly play fast and loose with matters of this kind. The Cabinet, however, will now have the opportunity of considering at the same time two questions which are closely connected with each other. It might plausibly be argued in justification of the Circular, that if the Navy is to be left in the hands of its present administrators, it is desirable that its responsibilities should be reduced within the narrowest possible limits. A general abandonment of the rights which England has hitherto claimed at sea would no doubt in one way greatly simplify the problem; but it is obvious, on the other hand, that, if her maritime authority is to be vigorously maintained, some serious changes will have to be made in the system on which the service is at present conducted. Either our pretensions must be reduced, or our navy strengthened. The public has just learned what is being done in Russia, and there can be no doubt that this news, following immediately upon other events, has helped to confirm the impression already formed of the backwardness and inefficiency of the English Admiralty. It may be true that Mr. REED writes with an innocent enthusiasm which on the surface seems somewhat inconsistent with a hard, practical mind; but it is known that he is not merely a gushing writer, but an accomplished engineer who has designed a number of ships which are at least admitted to be a great improvement on their predecessors, and behind his sentimental admiration of the Russians there are undoubtedly solid facts. It is probable that the ideas which Admiral POPOFF has been working out in his circular ironclads are by no means new to professional men in this country, but it is in Russia that they have first been practically applied. And this has happened simply because of the blindness and want of enterprise of our own Government, which had these ideas put before it but could not comprehend their value. Now that the egg has been made to stand on its end, the trick seems easy enough, and we may expect to find that the Popoffka type will not be overlooked in the ship-building programme of next Session. But this is not enough. What is wanted is not a Board of Admiralty which plods on leisurely in the rear of invention, merely copying other countries, but a Board which has a head of its own, and is not afraid to use it. There was a deeper significance in the FIRST LORD's initial blunder about the "phantom fleet" than was perhaps fully appreciated at the time. It was not a mere casual slip of one who was for a moment off his guard. It is unnecessary to argue whether the phrase was justified by the facts, though we believe that, to a large extent, it was; but it is at least obvious that no reliance can be placed on so unstable a foundation as that of a Minister who one day calls the fleet a phantom and next day says it will do very well with a little cheap patching. The conduct of the Admiralty in regard, not only to the loss of the *Vanguard*, but to the running-down of the *Mistletoe*, proves how little it can be trusted to do its duty in questions which touch the most vital interests of the navy. In the former case one set of officers was severely punished, while another set was screened from trial. In the other case, although the Admiralty, by the negotiations which it is now carrying on for buying off claims for compensation, practically admits that the *Alberta* was in fault, the officers of that vessel have not been summoned before a court-martial, and it has been left an open question whether or not officers of the Royal Navy are bound to obey the ordinary rules of navigation. In short, in everything that has happened there has been one steady, uniform, unflinching course of the grossest and most fatal blundering.

If we compare the *Admiral Popoff* with our own most recent ships intended for the same purpose of coast defence—the *Cyclops* class, which were built in a fit of panic at the time of the Franco-German war—we find that the former has 18 or 19 inches of armour against 8 inches, and two 40-ton guns against four 18-ton guns, and draws barely 13 feet against 15 ft. 6 in., besides being much more handy. In speed the *Cyclops* has somewhat the advantage, but for coast defence speed is not perhaps of much consequence; and Mr. REED is convinced that in this respect the Popoffkas are capable of great development, and that a high rate of

speed can be obtained in this type of vessel, owing to the enormous capability which it possesses in carrying boilers, engines, and fuel, and which would be increased in a larger ship. We also learn that this small vessel carries armour and guns which together exceed in weight the total weight of an English gunboat of the *Viper* and *Vixen* class with everything on board. Moreover, besides carrying heavy armour, the circular ships have it disposed in the best manner, with no unarmoured ends, unprotected broadsides, or thin places, but "uniformly thick, and "uniformly deep down, and uniformly high up everywhere." And Mr. REED adds that they have also better deck protection than any vessels he knows, especially for the vital parts of the ship; that, from his own experience in tolerably rough water, they sail very steadily; that, being provided with six screw-propellers, they can, if necessary, dispense with a rudder; and that they are quite capable of being adapted for ramming as well as for torpedoes. It will be seen, therefore, that this is not a mere question of coast defence. For that purpose the Popoffkas, even as they are, would be superior to the *Cyclops*, except in speed; and there is no reason why they should not be made to go more quickly. But what is above all important is that these Russian circular ships are a practical demonstration of the feasibility of a principle of construction which can be applied to almost any size or kind of vessel. It is open to any country to adopt these improvements, and to improve upon them in turn; and it is possible that no great harm may come in this particular instance from the loss of time for which our Admiralty is responsible; but what is really alarming is that there is no security that the same sluggish density of mind and want of energy may not continue to paralyse the service.

It is amusing, though it has unhappily a graver side, to read the demand of the *Times* for a Royal Commission to set the Navy to rights, and an enumeration of the questions on which that body is supposed to require advice and guidance. Is the organization of the Constructive Department sound? What ought to be the strength of the Navy at any time, both of ships in commission and ships in reserve? What ought to be the composition and distribution of such a Navy? In what proportion should it consist of armoured and unarmoured vessels? Ought unarmoured vessels to be used in such a manner as to contend with ironclads? For what purposes should ironclads be designed and used? And so on. These questions certainly go down to the very elements of naval science, and remind one of a Civil Service Examiner posing a candidate. But is it possible to conceive a more severe or crushing satire on the constitution and capacity of the Board of Admiralty than that it should be regarded as so hopelessly incompetent to form a sound judgment on the most elementary questions which come before it that somebody or other must be called in to keep it straight? What is a Board of Admiralty but a Royal Commission? And if it is unfit for its duties, it ought to be dismissed, and a better qualified Board put in its place. Unfortunately, there can be no doubt of the substantial truth of the *Times*' indictment. There is scarcely a single question among those enumerated upon which the Admiralty has been able to make up its mind, and stick to it. Now it rushes into one kind of ship-building, then into another, and then in a fit of bewilderment it tries to mix up both in an impossible way. Take, for example, the question of masts for ironclads. It came out in a recent law-suit that the *Bellerophon*, though supposed to be able to rely on steam, was practically helpless when her screws were disconnected. In the case of turret-ships the masts must be as slight as possible, and consequently they do harm rather than good, since they are of scarcely any use, interfere with the working of the turrets, and, if they go wrong, dangerously encumber the ship. It was therefore decided lately to give up masts in such cases altogether; but soon after the Admiralty changed its mind, and masts—or pretences of masts—are to be supplied. In great things and in small things the same want of fixed principles and settled convictions runs through the whole system.

ITALY.

WHEN holidays are over business begins, and, the festivities with which the German EMPEROR was welcomed at Milan being finished, the Italian Premier, Signor MINGHETTI, has taken an opportunity of explaining the

policy of his Cabinet and the position of the country. He was anxious to dissipate any apprehension his hearers might have entertained lest the recent cordiality of intercourse between the German and Italian Courts implied a change in the attitude of Italy towards its ecclesiastical opponents. Signor MINGHETTI said that no change whatever is contemplated. Italy will persevere in the course which she has marked out for herself. A Free Church in a Free State is still to be her motto, and he spoke in a light and airy way, as if to carry out the programme of a Free Church in a Free State were the easiest thing in the world. Italy, he seemed to say, had accomplished the feat, or, if it had not quite accomplished it, very little remained to be done. We have simply to see, he remarked, that the lower clergy are protected from abuse of power on the part of their ecclesiastical superiors, and to grant the laity the right of interfering in the administration of parochial affairs. This is all that has to be done, and it seemed to the PRIME MINISTER a mere trifle. He is only going to protect priests against bishops—that is, to crush the present form of tyranny which the Papal Court has been carefully organizing for years, and which is the basis of all the strength by which it hopes to subdue the world; as a mere additional nothing, he is going to guarantee to the laity their due share in the management of ecclesiastical matters in their parishes. The State offers to see that the laity shall, for example, control the nomination of priests to cures. How this proposal is likely to be received at Rome is not a matter of doubt. In some parishes the question of the right of the parishioners to elect their own priests has been already raised, and the claim has been vehemently denied and denounced by the bishops immediately concerned. Mr. GLADSTONE has recently given a history of the proceedings to which disputes on these heads have led, and has blamed the Italian Government for not having done long ago what it now proposes to do. He thinks it was the duty of the Italian State to protect the lower orders of the clergy and to give parishioners a voice in their ecclesiastical affairs. Signor MINGHETTI now proposes to do what Mr. GLADSTONE thinks ought to be done; and to Englishmen, accustomed to incumbencies being treated as freeholds and to the existence of a large amount of lay patronage, the objects to be effected naturally seem desirable objects. But the Italians, if they see the Bill proposed by Signor MINGHETTI carried, can scarcely continue to flatter themselves that they have solved the difficult problem of the relations of the civil power with Rome by inventing their famous formula. What they mean is that the State shall not interfere with the Church except so far as it thinks fit to interfere, and that it will not interfere overmuch. Prince BISMARCK himself would agree to the formula when thus interpreted. When a State sets itself to protect priests against bishops, it is entirely a question of degree how far it will exercise control over the Church, and the notion that it is to exercise no control fades away. The attitude of Italy and of Germany to the Church will be really the same; the difference will be that Italy will not be inclined to interfere so much as Germany, and will, especially at first, use milder means of constraint.

But Italians have something more pressing to think about just now than even their struggle with Rome, as to which indeed they are apt to comfort themselves by affecting to believe that it does not exist, and that their relations to the Papacy have been settled once for all, and need trouble them no longer. They have to think of money, of the taxes that press on them, of the dangers of national bankruptcy, of their depreciated currency, of the many difficulties with which the development of their resources is attended. Signor MINGHETTI is Minister of Finance as well as Prime Minister, and he was able to give a picture of the position of Italian finance which was not very discouraging. The deficit for the year is under three-quarters of a million sterling, and as a part of the proposed outlay is for public works, he pointed out that, if Parliament liked to sanction the borrowing of the necessary capital, and merely to provide for the interest, the deficit would altogether disappear. Unfortunately, however, Italy has a floating debt; and a floating debt is the rock on which semi-solvent States are apt to be wrecked; and it has a paper currency which is an incubus that it is hard to throw off. If Italy had nothing to think of but a deficit of less than three-quarters of a million, the natural increase of the revenue in a time of peace would soon put things straight. But Italy cannot be called really solvent until it liquidates or

consolidates its floating debt and returns to hard money, and there is no present prospect of its being able to do either. There are also considerable difficulties which underlie the system of Italian finance. The taxes press hardly on those who pay them, but they press lightly on those who manage not to pay them, and there are many who achieve this unpatriotic kind of success. The great Southern difficulty which presents itself at every turn in Italian politics makes itself felt in finance. The Italians of the South are confidently believed by the Italians of the North to have a peculiar adroitness in the evasion of taxes, and a Bill by which the Ministry sought powers to secure the due payment of taxes and the recovery of arrears was not long ago thrown out in the Italian Parliament by Southern votes. Naturally the inequality with which contributions are made to the national revenue creates jealousies between those who pay fairly and those who do not, and it needs all the passionate desire for unity which pervades Northern Italy and the better part of the Southern population to overcome the dangers of a serious quarrel between the South and the North on matters of finance. The task of an Italian Prime Minister is a very difficult one. He is constantly liable, after he has matured his plans and has grasped the general pecuniary situation of the country, to be defeated by the intrigues of cliques and by outbursts of provincial jealousies. With very great difficulty Signor MINGHETTI has as yet contrived to maintain the principle on which, when he took office, he announced he was going to act—that no new money should be spent unless new taxes were imposed to provide for it. The Southern deputies recently carried in his teeth a Bill ordering costly works to be undertaken in their localities after they had thrown out a Bill for creating the resources by which these works were to be paid for; and it was only through the Senate intervening that Signor MINGHETTI escaped seeing the policy overthrown on the maintenance of which attempts to approach a balance of the Budget must be based. Even, then, if the Budget itself is alone considered, and no reference is made to the floating debt and the paper currency, it must be remembered that such an approach to a balanced Budget as has been made is dependent on those who pay taxes and see others not pay continuing to prefer national unity to the pleasure of pursuing a just quarrel, and on a Ministry which aims at balancing the Budget being able to maintain itself against countless Parliamentary attacks.

Those who wish to estimate the difficulties with which Italian Ministers, and especially Italian Finance Ministers, are beset, will find ample material for their guidance in the very readable and instructive volumes which Mr. GALENGA has recently published under the title of *Italy Revisited*—Italy under the new order of things, and since its adhesion through commercial treaties to the principles of Free-trade. The best basis of national solvency is that a nation is able to pay; but many parts of Italy are too backward to profit very quickly by political changes and facilities of intercourse and sound commercial ideas. They lie waste, or half waste, because they are in the hands of men too near barbarism to make use of the means of civilization. Life continues to be too insecure in many Italian districts for capital to come or thrive there. Unfortunately the insecurity of life is not only maintained by the traditions of centuries of brigandage, but increased by the demoralizing leniency with which brutal crimes and outrages are punished. Murder is looked on as not very dangerous by the murderer, and as not very odious by his neighbours, when it is found that its only consequence is a moderate term of imprisonment. The Italians appear to be strangely sensitive to the remarks of foreigners on their treatment of crimes, and during a prolonged trial for murder which is now going on at Rome the distribution of foreign journals has been stopped by wholesale, lest the remarks they might contain on the proceedings might exercise some sort of deleterious influence. As the trial is still pending, the invariable custom of English journalism precludes any observations on it. But the general remark may be permissible, that, when his guilt is brought home to a murderer, not to hang him is to do an injury to the public, and is calculated to produce evils of the sort from which Italy appears to be suffering. To make Italy better, to make it safe, to give it moral tone, to preserve it from all serious risk of bankruptcy, is very uphill work for patriotic Italians and for the ablest of Ministers, and must necessarily be a long and tedious process. But while this is realized and expressed, it

is also due to the Italians to realize and express how very much they have succeeded in doing in the few short, busy, troubled years during which they have been a nation. Judged by what it is to be hoped they will be, and what they ought to be if they are worthy of the place in Europe to which they aspire, they show many shortcomings. But if they are judged by the past, if what they are is contrasted with what they have been, their success may be safely classed among the greatest and most satisfactory of the successes of modern times.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

MR. MACKENZIE, Prime Minister of Canada, has lately addressed to his constituents a speech which contains an elaborate exposition of the policy of his Government. The party of which Mr. MACKENZIE is the leader succeeded to office two years ago, in consequence of the scandal incurred by his predecessor in relation to the proposed railway across the Continent. The not undeserved discredit which then attached to the character of Sir JOHN MACDONALD caused just and general regret. In the course of his long tenure of office he had performed great public services; and none of his countrymen had done so much to promote the union which is the first condition of the future national existence of Canada. When it became impossible to defend his conduct in the business of the railway, the leader of the Opposition naturally profited by the misfortune of his adversary. Mr. MACKENZIE is perhaps not inferior in ability to Sir JOHN MACDONALD; and he has, since his accession to office, commanded a sufficient majority in Parliament. The Conservatives had habitually accused him, as well as the other members of his party, of disaffection to the Imperial Government; but either patriotism or ambition has apparently inspired him with aversion to one of the alternative courses which might be adopted by the Dominion. The Prime Minister of Canada could only lose in rank and power by annexation to the neighbouring Republic. The demand for absolute separation has not yet been preferred, and it has perhaps not been consciously and definitely conceived by any political party. Mr. MACKENZIE demands almost entire practical independence; but his complaints against the English Government are principally founded on the concessions which from time to time have been made to the United States. It appears from Mr. MACKENZIE's speech that the subserviency displayed in the negotiations at Washington still rankles in the minds of at least one Canadian party. Notwithstanding the long interval of time, Mr. MACKENZIE indignantly complains that, while the doubtful claim of compensation for the *Alabama* damages was conceded, no redress was afforded for the invasion of Canada, which was effected with the undoubted connivance, and in some cases with the aid, of American authorities. During the discussions on the Pacific Railway before the fall of Sir JOHN MACDONALD every competitor for the concession of the scheme denounced his opponents on the ground that they either consulted the interest of American Companies or proposed to seek the aid of American capital.

The revival of a genuine but obsolete grievance may admit of more than one probable explanation. The Minister had not forgotten that Sir JOHN MACDONALD was one of the Washington Commissioners, and he may have wished to impute to his chief opponent a portion of the blame which was incurred by the Imperial Government. It is now too late to inquire whether it would have been possible to obtain from the Government of the United States an equitable arrangement. The American Commissioners were positively forbidden to discuss the claims for the Fenian invasion, and the resolution of the Government must have been confirmed by the early discovery that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues were determined, at any sacrifice, to conclude an arrangement. There is reason to believe that in embarrassing circumstances Sir JOHN MACDONALD acted for the best in not throwing up his commission, though, in common with his colleagues, he may have resented the overbearing injustice of the American Government. Mr. MACKENZIE, if he had been in his place, would perhaps for the same reasons have adopted a similar course. He has another reason for dwelling on the miscarriage of Washington in the demand that all negotiations affecting the interests of the Dominion shall in future be controlled by the Canadian Government. It is true that, as Mr. MACKENZIE says, Canada can have no

foreign relations of importance with any Power except the United States. It may be conceded that the Canadians are the best judges of their own interests, and, as Mr. MACKENZIE more than once significantly observed, they understand the character of their neighbours. In the great majority of cases the English Foreign Office would be willing to place the services of the English Minister at Washington at the disposal of the Canadian Government. If Sir EDWARD THORNTON propounded antiquated doctrines of political economy during the late negotiation for a Reciprocity Treaty, he only echoed the delusions of his Canadian colleagues or advisers. Nevertheless it is necessary that the Imperial Government should retain a control over all diplomatic arrangements. It would have been intolerable that a treaty should be concluded in the name of the QUEEN by which Canada might have been bound to impose differential duties on English imports. General GRANT's objection to circuitous communications with European capitals had not been propounded at the date of Mr. MACKENZIE's speech.

Mr. MACKENZIE admits that the practical independence of Canada in domestic affairs leaves nothing to desire; yet he proposes to introduce again the Bill for the Abolition of Appeals to the Privy Council. If the Parliament of the Dominion really desires to remove the few remaining vestiges of Imperial supremacy no permanent resistance will be offered by England. The loyalty of colonists is a sentiment of the most impalpable kind, though it has undoubtedly a kind of imaginative existence. From the beginning of his speech to the end Mr. MACKENZIE never notices his official superior who represents the Crown. Lord DUFFERIN, who is the model of a constitutional Governor, though he will in all respects be guided by the advice of his responsible Minister, will not submit to be regarded as a cipher. Mr. MACKENZIE justly holds that a federation of the English colonies with the mother-country is impracticable, though he professes to approve of the theory. It would certainly be inconvenient to admit to a share in the regulation of English affairs a community which, as represented by its official chiefs, seems to be exclusively absorbed in the care of its own local interests. Some of the results of the responsible government which has long since been irrevocably granted are disagreeable and even startling, but on the whole experience proves that the abandonment of the system of governing the colonies as mere dependencies was eminently prudent and beneficial. A Canadian politician who, like Mr. MACKENZIE, is apparently eager to find causes of complaint, is compelled to confess that the Dominion enjoys all the freedom which it could wish to possess. The Canadians may possibly make mistakes in their railway policy, or in the settlement of border disputes with the Americans, but in neither case will the blame of occasional failure be imputed to the English Government. Substantial advantages of this kind must be set off against the annoyance which may be caused by the language of colonial politicians, such as Mr. MACKENZIE. It is not unsatisfactory to be reminded that Canada has already assumed the proportions of a nation. Mr. MACKENZIE condescends to add the expression of a hope that the Dominion will be the best and strongest colonial ally of England. Alliances are voluntary and precarious, while the colonial relation is, so long as it exists, defined by compulsory law; but aspirations for nominal as well as practical independence must be tolerated even when they may seem to be ungracious and premature.

The Canadian Ministers contemplate the establishment of a provincial Government in the North-West Territory which lies between British Columbia and the settled part of the Dominion. The Governor will be nominated in the Act, and his Council will be elected by the inhabitants of the district. The scheme appears to be a judicious adaptation of the process by which the Territories and States of the Union have been successfully organized; but it will be necessary to ascertain whether the creation of a new province may require the assent of the Imperial Government. Among the difficulties to be encountered are the protection of the Indians in the Territory from bands of ruffians belonging to adjacent American States, and the prohibition of the trade in spirits. In one night an invading body of Americans murdered in cold blood thirty Indians, including women and children. It would be useless to ask for compensation to be awarded by a tribunal at Geneva or elsewhere. The Canadians will probably settle such disputes more effectually than any Imperial authority. Mr. MACKENZIE repels the imputation

that he is bent on serving American interests by professing his anxiety to promote railways lying wholly within the Dominion. Whatever may be his own opinion, his professions indicate the existence among the community which he addresses of a wholesome neighbourly jealousy. If Canada can maintain a separate existence for the next quarter of a century, it will be strong enough either to stand by itself, or, if it thinks fit to enter the American Union, to secure for itself equitable terms.

REPORT OF THE POOR LAW BOARD.

IT is not from forgetfulness that we have given this article its title. We know that the old Poor Law Board has become the Local Government Board, and that in this capacity it is charged with the administration of the laws relating to the public health as well as of those relating to the relief of the poor. But, so far as the Annual Report is concerned, the change might as well not have been made. Nearly all the information which it contains, and it contains a great deal, relates exclusively to the old function of the Board. Nothing is to be learnt from it of the progress which is being made in sanitary matters. The separate Reports presented by the Medical Officer of the Board do not in the least supply this want. They are valuable, in part from the ability with which Mr. SIMON defends his own theories of sanitary administration, and in part from the reports of the Medical Inspectors upon the special inquiries which they have been ordered to undertake. But a great deal more than this is wanted before the public can obtain that general knowledge of the working of the sanitary laws which is an almost indispensable condition of their improvement. There is so much indolence to be surmounted, there are so many private interests to be overridden, that there is not much chance that Parliament will take so unpopular a task in hand until something like an intelligent opinion can be created out of doors. The Reports of the Local Government Board Inspectors would supply the materials out of which this opinion would have to be constructed. They are laymen, and therefore not likely to take a purely medical view of the facts presented to them. Their estimate of the acts of the several sanitary authorities will be the estimate of men of the world, not of scientific specialists, and it will for that very reason be the better calculated to impress men of the world. If it were desired to raise the sanitary condition of the country to an ideal pitch of perfection, it would no doubt be expedient to go to the doctors for suggestions; but since all that we can at present aim at is to make that condition conform to those common-sense rules which are conceded in theory almost as universally as they are violated in practice, laymen will answer the purpose better. Yet it is the Reports of these laymen that are carefully kept back from the public. We are supplied with statistics about the number of nuisances complained of and the number subsequently abated. But unless we know something of the circumstances connected with this result, there is no means of ascertaining its value. The nuisances themselves may be of a very trifling character, or they may recur after they have been abated. What we want to know is the impression which the sanitary administration of a district makes on an observer who has the means of comparing one authority with another and of noting the general rate of progress over a large area. We pointed out this great defect in the Report of the Local Government Board for 1873-74, in the hope that the omission might be corrected as a matter of course. But the Report for 1874-75 shows no improvement. It is in all respects a Report from the Poor Law Board and nothing more.

Within this limit, however, there is much that is interesting. The controversy as to the relative merits of district schools and boarding-out as modes of bringing up pauper children has not yet been laid to rest, and though Mr. TURNELL has withdrawn from the field, the district schools have found other champions to take his place. The conclusion at which we arrived when Mrs. NASSAU SENIOR'S Report on the District Schools was first published is confirmed by this additional testimony. It is a mistake to treat the question as though the issue lay simply between district schools as at present arranged and the boarding-out system. If this were the case we should be obliged, faulty as the district schools

are in many respects, to decide in their favour. Boarding-out has many recommendations when it is conducted on a small scale, and guarded against abuse with the vigilance which is easily secured when a novel and interesting experiment is first on its trial. But Mr. ANDREW DOYLE'S letter to the Chairman of the Swansea Guardians seems to present an unanswerable argument against its general adoption. The occasion of this letter was the refusal of the Guardians to unite with the Guardians of two neighbouring Unions in forming a district school on what is known as the "METTRAY System." The Swansea Guardians stated, by way of a reason for their refusal, that they had adopted the principle of boarding-out. Mr. DOYLE thereupon made a careful inspection of all the boarded-out children, and the results of his visits are detailed in his letter to the Chairman. His conclusion is that all the objections which have been urged against boarding-out are fully justified by the working of the system in this instance. On paper everything was admirably provided for. The instructions issued to the persons undertaking the charge of the children were excellent. They were enjoined to "give special attention to the formation of habits of truthfulness, obedience, personal cleanliness, industry, and to the child's training (if a girl) in needle-work and household work, and in the capacity of making him or herself generally useful." In practice, Mr. DOYLE found that the sanitary condition of some of the "homes" in which the children were placed was such as ought to have brought them under the notice of the Inspector of Nuisances. Overcrowding is almost universal, since the same motive which makes a family anxious to take children to board makes them equally anxious to take lodgers at the same time. In many cases the foster-parents keep the children away from school in order to profit by their wages; indeed the motive for taking them at all often seems to be less the small payment which the Guardians make for them, than the advantage of having a slave whose labour they can sell. All this goes on, it will be remembered, under a minute of the Local Government Board by which provision is made for the constant inspection of boarded-out children by local visiting Committees. "I have no doubt," says Mr. DOYLE, "that when boarding-out was first adopted in the Swansea Union, ladies and gentlemen may have been found to interest themselves in finding homes for the children, and in looking after them." This interest, if it was ever felt, has now died out, and, so far as depends on visiting Committees, the children are "completely and absolutely neglected."

What has happened in one Union may happen in another, and in proportion as the boarding-out system became more generally adopted, the securities for an exercise of proper supervision would grow less. Wherever these securities are not very carefully maintained the condition of the children in these homes seems worse than in any district school, and with the disappearance of the alleged benefits to the children disappears the motive for acquiescing in the evils which boarding-out necessarily tends to engender among the foster-parents. Mr. DOYLE asserts that boarding-out "is and will continue to be simply another name for out-door relief," and it is on this ground that it occasionally finds favour with Boards of Guardians. It is when pressed to improve the classification of their workhouse that they ordinarily become alive to the advantages of getting the children off their hands at the cost of half-a-crown a week. But there is a third alternative which promises to avoid the evils alike of the boarding-out system and of the district schools as at present organized. One main objection to the latter mode of bringing up pauper children is that it accustoms them to a kind of life which is in no sense a preparation for the lives which they are to lead afterwards. This fault is most conspicuous in the case of girls, because girls do not get the industrial training which the boys enjoy. A boy is taught a trade, and he can learn that as well in one place as in another. But a girl is only trained to do housework, and the housework of a great institution with a thousand inmates bears no resemblance to the housework of the cottages in which girls will live if they marry, or of the small tradesmen's houses into which alone a workhouse girl is likely to be taken as a servant. These drawbacks are avoided by the METTRAY system, which places the children in schools composed, not of one huge building in which much of the work is necessarily done by machinery, and where the adoption of the latest improvements in the way of gas and water supply is really a matter of economy, but of groups of cottages, in

each of which a small number of children are placed under conditions which as nearly as possible represent those in which they will find themselves when they leave school. This is the system to which all the evidence points as a compromise which will secure the advantages which have been rightly attributed to district schools, while avoiding the grave evils which have with equal justice been laid at their door.

LETTER-WRITING.

AN alarming Report lately issued by the Postmaster-General has been discussed by most of the newspapers with little apparent attention to its true significance. The introduction of the modern postal system, so highly praised by thoughtless writers, is producing the consequences which might have been foreseen from the first. In the year 1839 the population of these islands was content to receive a yearly average of three letters per head. Considering the number of persons disqualified by age or capacity from receiving letters, one may say that this implies quite as much correspondence as could be desirable. In a quarter of a century the number of letters had increased tenfold, and every human being received on an average no less than thirty letters. It is sufficiently clear, and indeed it is not openly denied, that this change implies the rapid degeneration of the art of letter-writing. One of the most charming of literary accomplishments is becoming a thing of the past. There can never again be a *Mme. de Sévigné*. The old letter was a work of art, though, in the hands of the best masters, a work in which the art was most carefully concealed. It embodied in the most delicate form the observations of contemporary life made by the acutest minds of the day. It admitted of the widest variation in treatment; every tone of sentiment, from the most playful to the most severe, could be admitted, and every topic of human interest touched seriously or facetiously. An historian or a philosopher feels that he can in some sort command the attention of his readers. He has something to tell them which he assumes that they wish to hear, and which they must take in such form as he pleases to give them. The letter-writer, on the contrary, has always a strong motive for interesting his correspondent; and he has before him the picture of a distinct human being, instead of a vaguely conceived entity called the public. He may reveal his private tastes, whims, and prejudices, instead of conforming to the leaden rules of respectability; and in this respect a letter is generally superior even to a diary. A diary, indeed, may sometimes contain a confession as unreserved as that of the worthy *Pepys*; but, as a rule, it preserves only those facts and thoughts which a man is afraid of forgetting if they are not set down in black and white; that is to say, it probably records the least interesting part of his existence. The letter-writer cannot assume that his correspondent will supplement his remarks in the same way that he could do it himself; and he is forced to expand what in a diary might be undecipherable hints. And thus the spirit of a time has generally been preserved in its letters more completely than in any other part of its literature. Horace Walpole's correspondence is no doubt stained by gross affectation; it expresses the opinions of a mind cynical, if acute; it often becomes puerile, and shows a feeble appreciation of great characters and events. But, in spite of these faults, a study of his letters lets us into the spirit of the upper classes during the eighteenth century more effectually and more pleasantly than any amount of the regular official reading. The broad outlines of events may be learnt from a dozen sources; the delicate filling up of details is given in perfection by the accomplished letter-writers of a period.

This delicate art, if not already extinct, is doomed to speedy destruction. Young ladies, we believe, still keep up the tradition to some extent; but then young ladies are still confined within certain limits which narrow their views of society. Any grown-up man who has seen much of the world has come to consider the postman as a natural enemy. The ideal place for a holiday, but for the dangers of sea-sickness, would be an ocean steamboat. Old-fashioned travellers sometimes describe their delight on speaking a ship by which they may have news from home. The modern traveller wraps himself in the reflection that, whatever else happens, he is perfectly certain not to find a bundle of letters upon his morning breakfast-table. Most of us have certain ties which make a complete severance from society inadvisable, even during a brief holiday; but we look back with fondness to some halcyon period—if ever we had the luck to enjoy one—at which we had left home and forgotten to leave our address. King Arthur would add to his praises of the island valley of Avilion—

Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly—

the fact that it is outside of all postal districts. That would be the crowning felicity.

The reasons of the growing hatred of letters are too obvious to need exposition. Amongst the thousand million letters, or thereabouts, the delivery of which rejoices the soul of the Postmaster-General, a vast number were of course letters only in form. To say nothing of the owl and the horned frog which occupied two of them, there were unimaginable piles of business letters, puffing circulars, regiments of penny stamps for charitable purposes, and all kinds of other matter too various to be easily classified. The percentage of genuine letters—of documents, that is, which contain a

real outpouring of thought, or feeling, or knowledge, for the benefit of a friend—must be exceedingly small. One hates opening a letter because one knows that the chances are greatly in favour of its containing in some form or other an assault upon one's pocket or a summons to work. The gentleman who gave the Turkish bonds (then valued at 4,000*l.*) to be played with by his children was merely acting on the general assumption that nothing good can come out of letters. The association of ideas has become so strong that it overpowers our reason. If, however, we come upon a rare exception, upon one of those documents which, in intention at least, are the greeting of a friend, we are still almost certain that it will not be worth reading. Such letters are not now part of a serious day's labour. They are the products of some accidental moment of leisure, when we can no longer frame to ourselves any plausible excuse for evading the troublesome demands of society. We know that the letter can hardly convey any important piece of intelligence. If our friend has been injured on a railway, or had a child born to him, or written a book, or made a speech in Parliament, the fact will have been learnt through the newspapers. Public intelligence is of course a still more hopeless topic. And thus, one function of the letter-writer has altogether disappeared. Nor are many people disposed to commit to letters any judicious comments upon passing affairs or to work them up into an elegant form. In the first place, we are far too busy to spend much labour upon such work, and are forced ourselves to write too many letters of the formal kind not to have acquired a dislike to the whole process; and, in the next place, everybody is now an author, and wishes to bestow his best thoughts upon the public. Horace Walpole would have been far too shrewd to send his witty comments upon public affairs and public men to a distant diplomatist at Florence. He would have written telling letters, or composed stinging paragraphs for the newspapers, like Jacob Ounium; and the newspaper letter, though it goes by the same name as the domestic letter, is of course an entirely different thing. The mere action of putting pen to paper has become disgusting to most busy men. We cannot even imagine the state of mind in which Pope could concoct his elaborate epigrams, or Cowper spend a morning in putting together his playful wisdom, for the benefit of his friends. A letter has therefore become nothing better than a hasty scrawl in which we dash down the few facts of which we may still suppose our correspondent to be in ignorance, with a reference to the newspapers for further information; and a hasty comment or two which helps to relieve our mind more harmlessly than an oath, but composed in pretty much the same spirit. The art of correspondence is perishing like the art of conversation, and for the same reason. The world has become too big. The little salons in which people might find a fitting and familiar audience for their repartees and their eloquence are swept away into the social vortex; and the vast numbers of people who can pelt us every day and, in London at least, at every hour of the day, with notes, circulars, and petitions, leave us no time for composing, as distinguished from scrawling, a letter. The penny post may be an admirable institution from the philanthropist's point of view; but philanthropy too often implies a fussiness and feverishness which leaves no time for the attainment of artistic excellence.

The evil is, of course, too deeply rooted for cure. People will have cheap letters, and they must perforce be contented with nasty ones. The Post-office will be turned to account by writers of puffs and circulars, and sometimes even by dealers in horned frogs. But recent improvements have suggested one means of alleviation. The postage-card and the telegraph are good things as far as they go. We do not remember, by the way, to have seen it noticed that Horace Walpole, doubtless with some prophetic eye to the evil which we have been describing, proposed a system of post-cards in one of his minor articles. In those days people used to send messages upon playing-cards, and he suggests in a facetious spirit that a good revenue might be raised by circulating such cards for a penny. The advantage, in fact, is obvious. The use of a postage-card enables us to dispense with those old-fashioned appendages of "my dear" and "yours faithfully" which are now mere survivals from an obsolete order of things. Why, when I write to a gentleman to make an appointment for business or pleasure, should I be called upon to round off my observations with a ceremonial observance which might just as well be taken for granted? The practice is really as much an anachronism as would be the use of full-bottom wigs and the scrapings and bowings of the old school. The truest politeness, some people say, is in perfect simplicity. That is a large question, but at any rate we have generally made up our mind to discard the more elaborate paraphernalia of formalities in manner and dress, which were once thought obligatory. It will be some gain to be allowed to carry out the same principle in letter-writing. It would indeed be absurd to hope that the time gained by the substitution of postage-cards and telegrams for more elaborate missives will be devoted to acquiring a fine epistolary style for serious composition. It is but too certain that the result will be that people will write twice as much as before, and before long enable the Postmaster-General of the future to boast of a billion letters in a year. But if we cannot cultivate artistic excellence of the highest kind, we shall, it is to be hoped, acquire an improved style for business purposes. He will be the greatest letter-writer of the future who can say most in twenty words, and as the whole art of literary composition is for many purposes summed up in acquiring clearness and conciseness, we may hope that even a literary improvement will be effected.

OXFORD REFORM.

PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE has written a pamphlet which begins with the words, "The University of Oxford is in a state of crisis." This is startling; it does not appear to us, however, that there is any reason for alarm, as the University seems to be only in a state of transition. No doubt certain changes will have to be made in the college statutes in order to liberate funds which are now, as is commonly allowed, spent to less advantage than they might be, by giving excessive rewards for academical distinctions. We have always maintained that much confusion arises from a Fellow of college being regarded in three distinct lights—(1) as a person rewarded for having educated himself highly; (2) as having some indefinite duties towards the educational body; (3) as a trustee of corporate property. Let us keep these functions separate. Let us give such rewards as are needed to induce young men to obtain high cultivation by following a rigorous course, which, without some tangible object, we find they will not do; let us pay for educational work; and let us constitute our governing body with a view to get the best government. Some of the evils adduced by Mr. Price arise from the present Fellowship system, especially that which he puts forward first—the difficulty of keeping the ablest men at Oxford. Young Englishmen of an ambitious turn look to public life; for the German there is no such thing, and a professorship gives him as much money as he could gain elsewhere, and more reputation. But in the visions of an aspiring English youth a seat in Parliament appears afar off, and he knows that an M.P. is expected to be a rich man; others look to domestic splendour and a grand establishment as the *summum bonum*, not so much for itself as because they think it a criterion of success in the race of life. Thus, when young men talk of wanting a career, it comes pretty much to their wanting to make a fortune as soon as possible. Now this cannot, and should not, be done at the Universities. There are hardly more than half-a-dozen functionaries in both Universities together who have the pay of a County Court Judge.

Young men at Oxford are restless in their minds on many serious matters just now, and they are desirous of change of place and work. There are also restrictions on the marriage of Fellows still in force there which cause difficulties. But these causes are transitory. Those who want fortunes must indeed seek them elsewhere; we hope that the Universities will always lie a little out of the great tideway that sets towards gain. In Prussia, where educational economies have been much studied, it is a maxim that the *savant* only needs a competency because he only wants leisure for his beloved pursuit, and, what is more, there is no market in the world for men of his turn of mind. His heart is in his study; but the teacher must have a quick and genial sympathy with human beings; he is a likely person to "get on," and so, if he is to be retained as a teacher, a better price must be given for him; but then he will do taskwork for it, which the other will not.

Professor Price does not separate the *savant* professor from the teaching professor; but everywhere it is becoming recognized that now, when it takes the whole of a man's time to keep abreast of what is being done in science and literature, and when, on the other hand, examinations render it necessary not only that young men should be told what they ought to know, but that the teacher should see that they know it—a point in which lies the strength of the tutorial as opposed to the professorial system—these two functions must be kept distinct. In the German Universities we find one professor in a hundred who, as in the case of Savigny, quoted by the Professor, is both an original explorer and a gifted teacher; but such persons are so rare that no system should be built up on the expectation of meeting with them. Professor Price assumes that the professor is not only at the head of his science, but also a practical teacher, and, at the same time, a good administrator. He would, as we understand, give him the distribution of the work among his subordinates, together with other functions which he seems to think are fulfilled in Germany by the head professor of a branch, whereas they are really discharged by functionaries called Deans of Faculties. The German ideal of the professor is as a *savant*. He is to win glory for his University by his books or discoveries, not by his pupils. The pupils inscribe their names in his album, and pay their *Friedrichsdor*, and drop in to his lectures as they please. "I have usually a dozen or so at my lectures," says a Professor, "but seldom two days the same men." This, be it observed, was a literary professor. A broad distinction must be made between this class and professors who have something to show—experiments, or specimens, or dissections. These have the students wholly in their hands, because their subjects require a "plant" which they alone possess. In England as well as in Germany the teaching in natural and experimental science is wholly professorial, and the professors are here chosen as teachers rather than as *savants*. These subjects must be considered as put out of the range of Professor Price's observations.

He puts his finger, however, on one important point. Speaking of the tutors who leave Oxford after a short period, he says, "They start with the maximum of reward." They get an income of 600*l.* a year before they are thirty; they therefore pitch their notions of remuneration on a high scale; they are better off than their contemporaries elsewhere. But it seems that there is very little further prospect for them; indeed it is hinted that, as the younger tutors are more attractive, they get more than the rest. The tuition fees are paid into a common fund, and we should

suppose that they would be shared with reference to length of service or work done—though this point remains somewhat obscure—but the fact remains that the young tutor starts at, we will say, 600*l.* a year, 300*l.* of which comes from his fellowship, and the same from the tuition fees, and he can never hope to get more than 1,000*l.* a year. Now that tutors are no longer clergymen, they will rate their expectations, not by the value of livings, as they used to do in days when 1,000*l.* a year would have been a fortune, but by the incomes made by their friends in more lucrative callings. It would be better that they should start at 300*l.* per annum at 25, and reach 1,500*l.* per annum at 45, than start with 600*l.* and only reach 1,000*l.* The cause of the present state of things is that the fellowship which goes towards the remuneration is fixed in amount, and, what is worse, the tutor does not look on this as pay at all, but as his own, as something won by examination, which he might have held if he had been working at the Bar. Moreover, the colleges, by thus bestowing fellowships without duties annexed, are raising the market against themselves; they are inducing young men to go away; they are, indeed, enabling the schools to get abler men than the payments at the schools could afford. But this is applying the funds to an extraneous purpose; it is, in fact, putting them into the pockets of the parents of schoolboys, who get a better article than they otherwise would, by reason of this application of college funds.

We have always recommended, as have also the Science Commissioners, that fellowships without duties should be abolished, or conferred only on a few persons who had shown themselves earnest in study by something that they had achieved—some papers written for the Transactions of Societies, or good work of some kind or other—not by reason of their having shown in examination that, as youngsters, they had reared an elaborate scaffolding and might commence building if they only chose. Temporary studentships would no doubt be needed as rewards to maintain a high standard of cultivation in the country. This we see from the scanty lists of candidates for honours in the Universities which have nothing to give. What is thus saved will help to increase the pay of teachers and to provide retiring allowances. It must not be thought, however, that these funds are infinite. Schemers will come to the bottom of them sooner than they think. The demands of natural science in England are endless. Professors are sometimes collectors *avant tout*, and their ideal of a University is an institution possessing not merely a collection illustrative of species, but a museum of reference extending over acres of ground.

A new demand must come on the Universities because the teachers, being no longer in orders, are no longer provided for by the College livings. If we are not to have professors and teachers as old as our admirals, we must provide retirements for them. The professor who represents learning may fulfil his functions longer than a teacher for whom sympathy with young minds, versatility in presenting subjects in different lights, and even quickness of sight and hearing are indispensable; but with regard to the speculative subjects which, as we shall see presently, furnish Professor Price with perhaps the leading motive for his pamphlet, a man in advanced life may find himself incapable of assimilating new views or dealing with them as they deserve. In the positive subjects, which advance more steadily in a certain track, he may preserve his efficiency to a much later period. But teaching, by which we mean something very different from lecturing—a difference not touched on by the Professor—is not an occupation of advanced life. This difficulty is not peculiar to the Universities; it meets us in the army and navy and the Government offices; and when the question has to be dealt with, the Universities will find something to guide them in the practice of these departments; but in any case a new and heavy expense has to be met, and their church preferment is of small use to them to hold and worth little to sell.

We now come to a point in which lies the *gravamen* of the Professor's charges against the present state of things at Oxford. It is in fact this, that the highest honours and emoluments of Oxford being awarded to distinction in subjects which we will call speculative—that is, subjects on which opinions vary, and in which no standard of right and wrong is commonly received, such as mental philosophy, political philosophy, and dialectics—the teaching, and not only this, but the examinations (which ought to represent, we may suppose, the convictions of the University, if it has any), are in the hands of persons who are always spoken of as "young tutors," and who are said to promulgate wild and heterodox notions on the most important subjects. Wisdom and political sagacity are not what we can fairly expect in young men of two-and-twenty; there will therefore be the danger that, if these subjects are given undue prominence, young men will be driven to their tutors for opinions ready-made; this may cramp the faculties which in due time might enable them to form views of their own, and may even lead to what is hinted at in a paper by Mr. Sayce in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, the "teaching up" to the school of thought which is at the moment dominant in the schools. Certain canons with regard to competitive examinations are slowly forming themselves, and one of them we take to be that the subjects most suited for them are those which offer a definite standard of what is right and what is wrong.

Let it be understood that we in no wise decry the value of these subjects for those whose minds are fit to deal with them; we only fear that they may lose some of their educational value by being treated as they are likely to be if they are made an arena of intellectual conflict. Professor Price would have the teachers take the keynote of their teaching from the supreme authority—that is to say,

from a professor of matured, and seemingly nearly absolute, wisdom; but would men who were worth anything lecture on these subjects on these terms? The Extraordinary professors and private teachers in Germany do perhaps more teaching than the head professors themselves; they are not older than the "young tutors," who are a sort of bugbear to Professor Price, and they treat the subjects they lecture on as they choose. People speak as if there had been a time when University teaching was in the hands of a few professors of mature age; but when we look to University history as it is now made out, we find that if we go back to the beginning of things nothing can be further from the fact. The Universities of Bologna, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and the rest were not started as ready-made educational machines with a staff of teachers, as a colonial University is now set going. The system was one of mutual help among young men, and this character has always left its traces. After a while a criterion of efficiency was required from the teachers; hence arose the degrees of Master and Doctor, which were licences to teach; these, in fact, carried the obligation of teaching for a certain time, usually about five years after the degree, during which time the graduates were called Regents. They prepared pupils for the disputations before doctors which held the place of examinations. There were hardly any regularly appointed teachers in English Universities until the Reformation, when the Regius professorships were created, and the now existing professorships at the Universities were mostly founded in the last century; so that, as a matter of strict history, the teaching was always mainly in the hands of young men, and, if we are not mistaken, the professorship of Greek at Cambridge was originally limited to Regents—that is, to young men. We can see that no very large classes could have attended University professors from the fact that there were no University lecture halls of any size.

There is a tone about this pamphlet which brings out the opposition between the young and the old. The tutors are invariably spoken of as "young," but we must suppose that they range between the ages of thirty and forty, although we own that there is no place where young men so soon come into authority as at the Universities. The following passage in the pamphlet savours of this spirit:—

Senior men, men of ripe and extended knowledge, do not guide or control the studies of the University. It is perfectly possible—shall it be said that it is the actual case?—that the instruction given should be in direct contradiction with the whole cast of thought of the nominal chiefs of the subject taught, and that this cast of thought should be sneered at as the characteristic of spent men.

Further on we read:—

The young undergraduate and the young tutor, in the supreme departments of religion, culture, and civilization, hold themselves to be answerable to no one. They take into account in the formation of their opinions not a single authority in the University. They think, and teach, and write what they please, precisely as if they yielded to no man in their competence to deal with such great subjects.

This no doubt may be mischievous, but it shows activity of mind, and as those who advance these views will hardly have arrived at them without some independent study, there can hardly be the lack of research and self-improvement among these young teachers which the Professor so much dwells upon. The remedy will hardly be found by turning, as he would do, these young tutors into sub-professors, for he allows that it would be necessary to carry on instruction with the existing material under a new organization. Will any organization inspire these refractory spirits with docility and reverence? But, the Professor says, "This work" (that of teaching), "it is true, is conducted with strict reference to the examinations of the University; but as the examinations belong to the tutorial body, the University becomes merged in the colleges." The colleges in their corporate capacity can have no object in a particular style of examination. But what Professor Price means is that these young men have sufficient weight in Convocation to frame schemes of examination in accordance with their views. And, as one generation is sometimes possessed by a crotchet of its own, it would no doubt be wise for the examinations to be controlled by a body representing the views of men of different ages. And here the Professors, both as *savants* and teachers, should have great influence. Young men will direct their reading by examinations. It is for this that University examinations exist, and the remedy for the evils felt must be sought, as Dean Merivale pointed out in his evidence before the Cambridge University Commission more than twenty years ago, "in a thoroughly scientific system of examination."

We have often condemned the excessive use of competitions, but we fully admit the value of well-conducted examinations as instruments in education. Not only do they supply a motive power, but they keep young men to definite work, show them their own strength and their own weakness, and, by enabling their teachers to see the way in which their minds work, give an opportunity for the correction of slovenly mental habits and the formation of good ones. What these examinations should aim at effecting is this:—what is best for the improvement of the man should also be most remunerative to him in the examination. If you propose a race to young men, you must expect them to run, not for health, but to win. It is the business of the framers of the contest to see that the conditions will not encourage a kind of training that is not salutary. It is not the business of the University to make the examinations such as should most surely "discriminate"; any good examination will do this sufficiently for all that is needed. Moreover, good examinations will develop good teaching; they contain, in fact, implicitly a system of teaching. Thus the mathe-

matical tripos at Cambridge called into existence a very effective body, who were, in fact, the professors extraordinary, though they had only the name of private tutors; and if, by a professorial or any other system, the students do not get the kind of teaching wanted for the examination, some private tuition will always arise to meet the demand, and the professor's lectures will be again deserted as they are now.

Professor Price, after indicating "the severe malady" with which Oxford is afflicted, proceeds to prescribe for it; but the mode of treatment which he suggests must be left for consideration on a future occasion. We need only say here that there is growing up already at the Universities a system of Inter-Collegiate lecturing which tends in the direction pointed out. We may hope to learn something from the practical experience thus gained, and we shall have more confidence in the stability of any change if it comes about by natural development, prompted by needs that are felt, than if it be brought about by a paper scheme.

WATER CURE.

HYDROPATHIC establishments vary as much in their arrangements as county prisons. In some the rigours of the Gräfenberg cure are carried out with the utmost severity; in others wholesome food and mountain air are chiefly relied on as curative agents. In one the spare time of the patients is wiled away by psalm-singing and long prayers, supplemented by graces before and after meat, which prevent the soup from being eaten too hot or exercise from being resumed too soon after meals. In another whist and horse-racing are the all-engrossing subjects of conversation. Most of the establishments within easy reach of London resemble boarding-houses rather than hospitals. But there is one characteristic common to them all—an early dinner, with only cold or tepid water to wash it down. The rule of "early to bed and early to rise" is also supposed to be enforced by the strictest laws, although the turning out of lights in the sitting-rooms often merely drives the youngsters to private entertainments in their own rooms. Long after every one is supposed to be asleep suppressed laughter may be detected, and muffled steps heard gliding down the dark corridors. The doctor has one comfort if he hears these truants; he knows they are going to bed feeling extremely hungry, unless they have been fortunate enough to have contrived a surreptitious supper, with only the soap trays for plates and dishes. It is impossible near London strictly to enforce the discipline which is supposed to be necessary for invalids. Escape is too easy, and the doctor has to succumb to the pressure of circumstances. Patients who have never before been under treatment, or else have been trained in the severer schools of Malvern or the far North, are received with open arms by the authorities. They attend in the consulting-room every morning and describe their symptoms with the utmost minuteness, tell how they slept, and ask advice as to their diet for the day. The doctor strokes his chin, tries to look much interested, if the patient is a lady he pays her a pretty compliment, and orders her Turkish baths without a moment's hesitation. She tries to tell him that they have not hitherto agreed with her, but he rubs his hands, smiles, and says they could not have been given in the judicious manner observed in his establishment, and that she must trust him to know what is best for her case. The next poor victim allows himself to be booked for an unlimited number of packs, wet and dry, and is treated consequently with every sort of consideration by the attendants. Prescriptions for magnetic, compressed air, lamp, and hot baths are ladled about in all directions, and, the audiences over, the doctor drives off with a spanking pair of bays to look for other game. But the experienced visitor will quietly evade the morning interview, and by a little firmness and management will be able to do pretty much as he likes, except in the matter of the midday meal, where all must needs submit to a higher power. A young man wishing for a few weeks of wholesome living, but not inclined to turn into a sea lion, ought to be able in any well-regulated establishment to avoid those outward or inward applications of the healing fluid for which he does not feel disposed. By a judicious tip on his arrival, and the promise of another on his departure, he will generally be able to induce the bathman to beckon him out of the drawing-room at regular intervals, but not to proceed any further in the programme. He can then go to his room, and there, by the aid of a cigar, a novel, and an easy chair, pass the time much more pleasantly than he could if he were, according to prescription, swathed into the semblance of an Italian bambino, and not able to brush a fly off his nose if it chose to settle there. During the afternoon a short siesta will refresh him, and he will appear at the tea-table, and find with astonishment that he has gained an appetite for the cold ham and rabbit-pie which at home he would think a sorry substitute for his usual late dinner. He cannot, however, profess to like the meal, and grumbles to his neighbour as he finishes off with marmalade and a third cup of weak tea. He has constantly to console himself by remembering that the last time he tried the system advertised under the heading of "Rest and Change" he went away feeling like a bird, and he hopes again for a similar result from his forced abstemiousness.

Not so submissive are the unfortunate husbands who have only come for the sake of their sick wives. Their digestion is in perfect working order, and they feel it rather hard that they should be obliged to go to bed in such a state of ravenous hunger that they are grateful when the invalid offers to share with them the tasteless beef-tea or transparent milk which has been left

for her supper. They rush up to town for a dinner whenever they can, and give their friends a piteous account of the famine fever from which they suffer. But, if they remain for any length of time, they will gradually learn to lay in a good store early in the day. They will not let the huge dishes of fried bacon pass them at breakfast, nor neglect to secure more than one egg early in the proceedings. They will hunt the sideboard for something substantial, and astonish themselves with the way the loaf melts before their attacks. They will take plenty of exercise before two o'clock, and will then be able to eat an amount of dinner which will indispose them for much active exercise afterwards, and will preserve them from the uncomfortable sense of semi-starvation at bed-time. They will in a few days study with complacency a menu which may disgust a new comer. Roast beef at the head of the table, roast mutton at the foot, boiled beef at one side, mutton-pie at the other, will not appal them. They will look almost with affection at the huge dishes of potatoes and cabbage under which the German bathmen groan as they hand them round. They will take up the ringed napkin on which they find their name with a zest they have not felt at more elegant entertainments, and even go so far as to swallow without wry faces a large helping of stewed rhubarb and corn-flour shape. At first the ungainly, serrated dishes which let their contents leak on the table-cloth deterred them from the experiment, but such weak moments have now for ever passed. Hunger is proverbially the best sauce, and the hunger which comes to healthy people by early rising and plenty of fresh air soon clears away an amount of this plain fare which would be almost incredible to any one who had not watched the carvers as they sent away second helps large enough for a whole dinner. The very idea of being restricted increases the desire to eat, and feeding in a large company seems to have the same effect that going to school often has on children who are fastidious at home. Not that the company is always particularly calculated to increase one's appetite, for a hollow-eyed guinea-coloured Indian officer opposite and the sound of a sepulchral cough to the left is not cheerful.

It is not unamusing to pay a visit to one of these sanatoriums on Saturday at tea-time. Friends of the doctor and of his patients often come then, and curious and remarkable companies may sometimes be seen at the long well-filled table. The doctor sits at one end, doing his best to be agreeable; his wife, at the other, talks to the friends who have come to see her, and nods pleasant little recognitions at whoever catches her eye round the cheerful table. Amongst those present many well-known types are sure to be found. There is the ancient young lady, with a gold eyeglass and quantities of trumpy rings. Her charms are all hanging at her watch-chain. She can play billiards and bowls, and is ready for a flirtation with any man, married or single. She has no home, and spends her life in visiting acquaintances who ask her to stay with them. She fills up the vacant intervals in her sponging tours by frequenting places where she is likely to collect materials for small talk—an accomplishment which she is obliged to cultivate in order to amuse the stupid people with whom she is sent down to dinner where she visits. She puts on old ball-dresses in the evening, and is eager to be invited to go moonlight walks and to listen to the nightingales. She knows all the new stitches for fancy-work, and the last and most highly spiced piece of scandal that idle and envious tongues have succeeded in floating. When charades are acted, she insists on taking the part of *ingénue*, and remains twenty-eight from the time her nieces are babies until they are married. She talks of her delicate health, but her appetite is most satisfactory, and her power of talking unlimited. Sitting beside her is a silent, melancholy man, about whom it is whispered that he is the coming poet. It seems he has never published anything, because no one lives capable of understanding or even reviewing his inspired verses. He has sealed them up, and left them to be opened a hundred years hence, when he hopes humanity will have made sufficient advances to have a glimmering of the meaning of the songs he sings, but which he himself does not presume to interpret. An American prophetess has all the talk to herself at one corner of the table, and is well worth listening to as she pours forth, with overwhelming volubility, long sentences which begin with "I guess" and end in the clouds. Her mind is a capacious and powerfully-worked mill, in which she has ground up George Sand, George Eliot, Emerson, Huxley, Goethe, and Comte. She pours forth paragraphs composed like Macaronic poetry, which bewilder one by the confusion of their metaphors and the redundancy of their language. She takes away one's breath with the extraordinary arguments which she holds without the aid of a second party, and the conclusions which she draws with apparently irresistible reasoning. An Irish parson stares at her in despair, for he has not been able to get a single word in edgeways, and he wants to tell her of the famous plan he has adopted in his parish, and ask her to subscribe to his good deeds. He has organized a weekly meat dinner for the children; as all those likely to come are Roman Catholics, he has fixed it for Friday, and is amazingly proud of the brilliancy of his scheme. A newspaper Correspondent sits at the other side of the fair American, looking at her with envy not unmixed with awe. He wishes he could reel out at the same rate such capital sounding stuff; but when he tries to reproduce it in the solitude of his chamber it vanishes from his grasp, and he vows to himself that she is only a literary rag-bag with a dissolved Dictionary in her head. He feels he would soon be reduced to a pulp if he spent many hours in her society. But the lady correspondent of an obscure country paper has been better employed, and has caught scraps

of talk which will do to weave into her weekly budget. True, she has only half heard anything, and most of what she has heard is not true; but she is thankful for small mercies, even for the chance of having to contradict next week what she has asserted to-day. It will help to fill up the space for which it is not always easy to get enough personal gossip.

After tea the party adjourn to the large drawing-room, where a table of expert whist-players is soon formed. One lady recommends herself as having been brought up on *Blackwood* and *Bell's Life*, and never yet taken to task for not leading trumps. Soon some of the visitors begin to sing and play with more energy than skill. This interferes horribly with the finessing of the lady who always leads trumps. She becomes agitated, and insists upon having the window opened; a child leaves the room and does not shut the door. An old gentleman who is sitting quietly reading his paper protests, but no one minds him, so he ties his crimson silk pocket-handkerchief over his bald head and poses as a martyr. The young gentleman who was forgotten in his pack and left there to shout unavailingly whilst every one else was having dinner, and the man who ought to have attended to him was changing the plates, sits sulking in the corner. The highly respectable Scotchwoman who has found out that every one who comes to this establishment is suspected of either dipsomania, cleptomania, or some other obscure disease of the brain, is writing to her friends that she will never recover from being supposed to be addicted to whiskey toddy, and wishes she had not taken her rooms for a week. A handsome young fellow who disappears periodically to rooms in a distant wing of the house is paying pretty compliments to a little widow supposed to have money, and two forbidding-looking people, said to be man and wife, are playing a game of chess, from which most of the pawns are lost, and their place supplied with coins and thimbles. At ten o'clock a shuffling old bathman appears, shuts the shutters, turns down the lights, and in five minutes the room is left to the ghosts of those who have been killed by the water cure.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S CHARGE.

THE quiet and unostentatious reception which has been given to the Bishop of London's Charge is a very satisfactory proof of the returning sanity of the public mind as to ecclesiastical disputes. It is just a quarter of a century since the contemptuous epithet "histrionic," thrown out in a Charge by the then Bishop of London against some features of worship which are now of everyday occurrence, kindled a flame of riotous discontent through town and country. Now, at a season which mischief-makers hoped would have been one of similar unreason, a few weeks after the Public Worship Act has become law, the *Times*, with all its readiness for a spiritual row, merely condescends to inform the world in an obscure paragraph that the Bishop has delivered a Charge, of which it does not even quote the peroration. Happily for those whose duty it is to read it, the document has been very legibly published as "Our Present Difficulties." The frank simplicity of this appropriate title will ensure very general sympathy for the Right Reverend author. The difficulties which a Bishop must feel at the present time in composing a Charge are indeed enormous. He knows that the carefully digested statistics of his diocese, in which he is most thoroughly at home, will be passed over as padding by the general reader; and when he reaches the topics on which alone he expects to arrest outside attention, he finds himself much in the condition of the Queen who had to thread her path blindfold through red-hot ploughshares. If he commands, it is with the fear that his mandates may have to stand a legal scrutiny; and when he advises, he is certain that his counsels will be at least as much criticized as complied with. Above all things, when he reaches the particular subjects on which people are feeling a practical interest, he can at best but show his dexterity in talking round questions the real entrance into which is barred by Lord Penzance and the yet unborn Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal. Sometimes a Phillpotts or a Thirlwall will break through the barriers and claim to lead opinion by the force of his own strong personality, but in general the burden is too heavy for the bearer's back. In fact, the cut and dry Episcopal Charge is the derelict of a careless and artificial age. Its original signification was the speech with which the Bishop started the deliberations of his Synod, and it raised topics in order to have them talked out. We shall not trouble ourselves with the steps by which the Synod shrivelled into the Visitation. It was a congruous state of things for the eighteenth century, but we have by this time outlived it. A Queen's Speech is seldom a very masterly production, but it would probably lose most of its little intellectual merit if the prorogation were immediately to follow the meeting of Parliament.

In view, then, of the greatness of his present difficulties, we cannot impute as blame to Bishop Jackson that he has not contributed what we can believe will prove a standard addition to English theology. We also gladly credit him with the merit of seeming to be more anxious for peace than war within the Church's domains. Still there was enough matter even in such guarded and neutral-tinted sentences as those which he has laboriously penned for the fuglemen of confusion to have taken hold of, if the times had been propitious for their conspiracies. At the same time, in view of his own popularity no less than the completeness of his discourse, we are surprised at Dr. Jackson's limited choice of subjects.

The present Charge is conspicuous from its unaccountable omission of topics of wide interest among Church people, on which the writer might, without irritating party susceptibilities, have spoken with dignity and usefulness. Facts and opinions upon the frequency of services, the times and hours of worship in reference to the wants and habits of various classes, the observance of particular days and seasons, and the operation of the Shortened Services Act, might have been important. At this crisis of the Education question it was almost incumbent on a Bishop of London to deal with it as it affects the interests of the body of which he is a chief administrator, from whom the public would have respectfully accepted information upon the competition between Denominational and Board Schools, and upon the state of religious teaching through the diocese. As to matters which are debateable without touching dogma or ritual, the active part which the present Bishop has taken in schemes, Parliamentary and other, for the demolition of City churches, justified the supposition that he would seize so favourable an occasion for explaining his opinion on a policy about which many feel keenly.

The Bishop oscillates over the Ritual question with such safe generalities as that "We are wise, I think, so to order our churches and their services that they may not offend an educated taste, but may administer just so much healthy excitement as may aid, without distracting, the devotions of the worshippers." On the other hand, "There may be even enjoyment of religious worship with very little of either worship or religion," while "the pleasure felt in public worship may be itself but worldliness and self-indulgence in another shape." We fancy that such thoughts must have often passed through the Pope's mind, as in his happier days he was stifled by the Anglo-American mob tramping into his chapel to enjoy the *Miserere*. No doubt, too, Dr. Lee of Edinburgh would willingly have made similar admissions when his grim co-religionists denounced him for the abomination of an organ and a set form of service. But after they had digested all this *mitis sapientia* from the lips of their diocesan, the hundreds of clergy who crowded the dome of St. Paul's must have left it as wise as they went in upon all the practical questions underlying such fluffy talk. They knew before they had heard the Charge, as well as they knew after it, that there might be too much or too little ceremony in divine worship; they knew no better after they had been "visited" than before that operation, whether on the coming Sunday they ought to top their surplices with a vestment or a hood.

The Bishop gives the history of the rise, progress, and ultimate character of the sorely transformed Public Worship Act in a genial spirit of bland sponsorship; but he forgets to adopt the Bishop of Peterborough's very reasonable hint, and to explain how he himself intends to carry out those provisions of the measure in which the Bishop is still permitted to exercise a personal discretion. It was no doubt pleasant to the metropolitan clergy to be told that the Bishop of London "believes" that the "power thus given" to the Episcopate would "not be used partially or harshly." But it was more profitable for the incumbents of Northants and Leicestershire to be instructed in the details of the system under which Bishop Magee proposed to apply the Act to their own cases.

The Bishop of London takes up the policy broached in the Archbishop of Canterbury's speech in bringing in the Public Worship Bill, of trying to induce the general High Church party to consult their own apparent safety in abandoning to their fate the more extreme section of their own party; but he improves upon his model by particularizing the names of leading divines of the Reformation century whom he accepts as the legitimate standard-bearers of the High and Low parties of the present day. The former are appealed to in the names of Andrewes, Laud, and Cosin, as the latter are in those of Jewell, Hooker, Hall, and Leighton. The answer to this *ad captandum* invitation is very simple. The much tutored party have in many ways, and with deserved strength of language, denounced, refuted, or expostulated against the extravagances and errors of opinion and practice to which their extreme division have at various times committed themselves. The Bishop himself tells us that this class of men is "not numerous," but "small," in the two passages of the Charge in which he refers to them; and they could not have helped committing themselves, or else *vi termini* they would not be an extreme division. But what the much larger party to which they adhere is now called upon to do is not to disclaim and refute those errors, but to throw overboard the men themselves, while accepting the spectacle of the extreme men of other parties remaining safe in their berths. They might in reply insist on the considerations involved in the phrase *noblesse oblige*, and ask who are the clergy whom they are invited to sacrifice to the Church Association and to the *Rock*—a paper which a writer generally well informed on English Church matters, and fond of handling them, lately described in the *Correspondant* as the organ of nearly the entire English Episcopate. If the answer was that those men—whether Ritualists or not—were singular for their devotion to the hardest and most repulsive offices of the clerical profession, the invitations to make them Jonahs might with a safe conscience be disregarded. But we are content to put the question on a more practical footing. High Churchmen maintain their patrols because they are conscious that their opponents' object is, and has for a long time been, to deprive them of the enjoyment within the Established Church of doctrines and practices to the free use of which, if Andrewes, Laud, and Cosin are to be accepted as authorities for what the English Church tolerates, they are plainly entitled. The question

before the public, as Bishop Jackson puts it, is not as to whether those divines were right or wrong. It is that of the character and conduct of High Churchmen, as arraigned by a Bishop of London on a charge upon which he constructively summons them as umpires. It is he who has set those worthies up as judges, and any impartial man, Romanist, Dissenter, or Jew, would say that he was bound to take their verdict. The men whom he rebukes are at least competent to follow out cause and effect, and they are very well aware that the Episcopate was ostensibly put in motion against them by the address from the Church Association which the Archbishops accepted in 1873. The object of that address was to deprive them of, and not to confirm them in, the enjoyment of the system of which Andrewes, Laud, and Cosin are, in the Bishop of London's eyes, the prophets; while the men who managed the attack would have ridiculed the idea of their being in any way subject to the opinions on any practical matter of Jewell, Hooker, Hall, or Leighton. The assailants knew as well as the men whom they attacked how much could be defended by the appeal to those who are now Bishop Jackson's heroes. But, abhorring as they did the memory of those prelates, that knowledge only sharpened the zest of their persecution. The Bishop of London, on the other hand, had no more official call to recognize the authority of Andrewes than of Jewell. As he has, however, taken his stand upon men, he has implicated himself in a general recognition of the precedent set by their words and deeds. To invoke historical names on either side merely to swell the cry against an unpopular section would be only to augment our present difficulties; but the man who has invoked them has contracted an honourable liability, in proportion to the responsibilities of his official standing, to shape his rhetoric into a policy.

The question on which the Bishop dwells with the greatest elaboration is one which we can only touch in its external aspects. While refusing to be entangled in the controversy over the doctrine and practice of confession in the Church of England, we agree, as a question of construction, with the Bishop of London in our inability to discover any warrant for compulsory and regular confession. As, however, such divines as Dr. Pusey and his followers have said the same, that practice, where it is found (as the Bishop tells us it is), can only be regarded as the eccentricity of some free lance. The counter extreme of denying that the Church of England recognizes any special and exceptional cases of private confession is equally eccentric and irrational. So the question is, after all, one of degree, and to be regulated by common sense; and the Bishop himself cannot deny the exceptional custom, while labouring to reduce the cases to the lowest number. The question, affecting as it does both domestic life and theological opinion, is one which is equally difficult in its intellectual and anxious in its moral aspects; and we venture to suggest that the wisest solution would be found in the various sides agreeing for the present to abandon the enjoyment of personal speculation, while they tried to find out, by comparing the views of authorities such as those whom the Bishop pairs off, whether on this as upon other points limits of allowable variation could not be defined.

It is certain that, while spiritual alarmists are running up and down the country perplexing the minds of peaceable vicars and churchwardens by shouting alienation and chaos when these good people had amicably come together in hopes of being congratulated on the improved order of the fabrics, the growing frequency of worship, and the larger figures of the parochial subscriptions, cynical outsiders who are best able to judge of the condition of an institution over which they are watching in hatred—such as the Liberation Society—do not conceal their fears that the Church is growing in strength and popularity beyond their power to keep it down. Why cannot our prelates understand that all this perturbation over details of mint, anise, and cummin about which they fuss themselves comes of the boisterous spirits of healthy juvenility, and that a lusty, strong-growing Church will ever refuse to be kept in the leading-strings of its nonage. Troublesome as it may be, its vagaries mean muscle and blood, and they can only be stifled by sapping the sources of life. Let Bishops attain to this knowledge, and act upon it, and they will no longer scold or weep over "our present difficulties."

THE CONGO PIRATES.

IT may be doubted whether a little too much has not been made of the operations against the Congo pirates in the official despatches which have been sent home. There can, of course, be no question as to the justice and necessity of inflicting such a punishment for the seizure of the English schooner *Geraldine* as would be likely to prevent a repetition of such outrages; but the method adopted appears to have been somewhat indiscriminate, though it is satisfactory to learn that a disagreeable duty was efficiently discharged. Commodore Sir W. Hewett, who was in command of the expedition, points out that "all endeavours to bring the landing party into personal contact with the pirates failed, and we invariably had to take satisfaction in bombarding and burning their villages and farms (in all sixty-seven), in the destruction of their canoes and growing crops, and in cutting down their palms and banana-trees." A war against deserted villages and plantations can hardly be regarded as a military triumph, though it may be a justifiable measure of police. The natives of the Delta of the Congo are vouched for as by no means cowards, and the dense bush and mangrove swamps which are the chief features of the country presented formidable

obstacles to the invaders; but the superiority of the arms possessed by the latter placed the natives completely at their mercy. The "shells from the gunboats did considerable execution," and "it may be presumed"—the Commodore cautiously adds—"that the rockets and rifle bullets were not without their effect." Only one life, that of a native interpreter, accidentally shot as a supposed enemy, was lost on the English side; and it is probable that there was, after all, little bloodshed on the other, since the natives everywhere ran away. It is certainly not the fault of our countrymen who were engaged on this occasion that their exploits were not more glorious; but, as it is, there is no occasion to boast of them overmuch. The Commodore is of opinion that the present complications would never have arisen had the crew of the *Geraldine* been properly armed, and it is to be hoped that the instructions which he has directed the British Consul to issue, requiring merchant vessels to provide proper means for their own defence before ascending above Boolembemba, will be enforced.

The official despatches are naturally confined to the details of the expedition, and touch very lightly on the circumstances which rendered it necessary, or on the general condition of the country. Those who desire to fill up the picture cannot do better than refer to the second volume of Captain Burton's new book, entitled *Two Trips to Gorilla Land, and the Cataracts of the Congo* (S. Low and Co.). The first title of the book—the Gorilla Land is the Gaboon country—is rather unfortunate, inasmuch as Captain Burton never had even a glimpse of a living gorilla, and writes about the animal from hearsay. His account of the Congo country is, however, full of interest, and is especially valuable at the present moment, on account of the light which it throws on the recent expedition. It should be mentioned that, though this book has by some accident only just been published, it contains the narrative of a journey made in 1863; but this does not affect the information given, inasmuch as, at the ordinary rate of negro progress, twelve years make little difference. Captain Burton quotes from the *Lusitania* a passage in which is celebrated

... the Congo kingdom, great and strong,
Already led by us to Christian ways.

But it may be supposed, from the account which Captain Burton gives of the natives at the present time, that this pious confidence was somewhat premature. The River Congo in former days was known to travellers as the Zaire, and Purchas, in his quaint way, says of it:—"Such is the haughty spirit of the stream, overrunning the low countries as it passeth, and swollen with conceit of daily conquests and daily supplies, which, in armies of showers, are by the clouds sent to his succour, runnes now in a furious rage, thinking even to swallow the ocean, which before he never saw, with his mouth wide gaping eight-and-twenty miles, but meeting with a more giant-like enemy which lies lurking under the cliffs to receive his assault, is presently swallowed in that wider womb, yet so as, always being conquered, he never gives over, but in an eternal quarrel, with deeper and indented frowns in his angry face, foaming with disdain, and filling the air with noise (with fresh help), supplies these forces which the salt sea hath consumed." Captain Burton was somewhat disappointed with the approach to the Congo, as compared with the Gambier and Gaboon rivers, but he admits that voyagers on another line than that to which he kept would feel the "throb" of the river in the sea more fully. Lopez, Merolla, and Dapper agree that the Congo freshens the sea at thirty miles from the mouth, and can be distinguished thirty leagues off. The dangers of the passage, however, are not confined to the turbulence of the river. The inhabitants of its shores have from of old an evil reputation for piracy, and a glance at the map enables one to understand the maze of creeks and islands in which they lurk in watch for their prey, and in which they afterwards defy pursuit. As seen from the water, it might be supposed that the lower Delta was part of the mainland, but there are all sorts of cuts and creeks behind, screened from view.

Several of the places mentioned in connexion with the recent expedition are described by Captain Burton. He visited Shark's Point, which he calls "a den of thieves and wreckers, justly named in more ways than one." He also looked in at "King Antonio's Town," and made acquaintance with the first of a long series of native potentates. The monarch was dressed in a dirty night-cap and long coat of stained red cloth, and obtained a bottle of rum and piece of cloth for leave to pass through his territory. "Pirates' Creek" also indicates the general reputation of the region. Further on comes Scotchman's Head, a conspicuous mangrove bluff, forming a fine landmark on the left bank. The natives here are called, according to Burton, Musulungu or Musurungu, which, he adds, is usually mispronounced Missilonghi by the English, among whom may be included Commodore Hewett. He also suggests that the word seems to be opprobrious, as if each tribe called itself Mushi-Congo (the real Congo people) and its neighbours Musulungu. These Musulungu are a taller, darker, and wilder race than the ordinary Congolese, and have always been dangerous to strangers, "the effect of the slave trade," it is suggested, "having been to make them more formidable." In 1835 Lieutenant Boteles was attacked by twenty-eight canoes, carrying some hundred and forty men, who were driven off only with grape-shot. In 1860 a whaler and crew were attacked by war canoes, which pounced out on them. Ships of war have frequently had to use their guns against these daring assailants, who have also frequently surprised and kept for ransom the white agents, while some traders at Boma pay them black-mail by employing them as boats' crews.

Further on the bush becomes beautiful, rolling in bulging masses

of verdure to the edge of the clear brown stream. As in Guinea, the lianas here form fibrous chains, varying from a packthread to a cable, now straight, now twisted, enveloping the trees in endless folds. But this pleasant scene is soon succeeded by a network of creeks, tortuous, slimy with mud, banked with the snake-like branches of trees; the forest is full of large villages, which are invisible till entered. What in the naval despatches is called Ponta du Lenha must be Burton's Porto de Lenha. It is an important station, dating from the second decade of the present century. The river opposite the projection at the foot of which the town stands narrows to barely a mile and a half broad, whilst the valley stretches some five miles, and the blue hills inhabited by the Musulungu are clearly visible. The site of the settlement is a slip of morass backed by swamps and thick growths, and the place, lying low and deeply flooded during the rains—the inhabitants have to work like beavers to keep the water out—would be fatal without the sea-breeze. As it is, Burton found the air exceedingly wholesome. The tenure of the ground is by yearly rent to the "Kings" Nengongo and Nenzalo, each of whom claims half; and here there is a curious custom which explains one of Commodore Hewett's difficulties. That officer states that he summoned the son of the late King Antonio to attend him on board ship, but young Antonio declined, on the ground that it would be against his fetish, and that he would die if he saw "the great sea." The writer adds that, from what he gathered, it was true that, if Antonio were to break through the rule and go afloat, he would die, for he would be poisoned by some of his people and his death would be ascribed to the fetish. Commodore Hewett did not press his request, and he thinks that when Captain Wellmore in 1865 received King Antonio on board ship, it must have been a deputy personating him. On this point Captain Burton tells us that, "like the chiefs of Porto Novo, the despot of Dahomey, the rulers of many Nigerian tribes, and even the Fernandian 'Bube,' these Congolese potentates 'may not look at the sea or river.' Their power is, therefore, deputed to 'linguists' or interpreters, who are empowered to receive customs and rent. The linguist generally becomes more powerful than his chief, who is wholly in his power, and takes care to reserve the best presents for himself. Captain Burton also gives us some further particulars of life in this district. The chiefs begin in early morning by their rounds for drink, and end business between 7 and 10 A.M. Everywhere on this coast a few hours of work support a 'gentleman,' and even the comparatively industrious and hard-working Sybos rarely do anything after noon. Every factory has to keep a cask of spirits ready broached, and the poorest negro comes regularly with his mug. If he finds the rum watered, he flings it into the giver's face. The liquor costs fourpence a bottle, and, as we can readily conceive, "thoroughly demoralizes the black world." When Captain Burton was here trade was languishing, and the settlement under a blight. Most of the English whom he saw were reeling about tipsy; and we get a melancholy picture of the dismal existence of Europeans in these parts. At Porto de Lenha begins the upper and larger Delta, which stretches as far as Boma, some thirty miles up, which is the furthest Portuguese factory, and the chief point of communication between the interior and the river. It appears to be a more satisfactory place of residence than Porto de Lenha. The higher country up the river also left a favourable impression on the traveller, who speaks hopefully of its future, should it be taken up seriously with a view to its development.

It is stated in Commodore Hewett's despatch, that after having dealt with the pirates, or at least with their farms and villages, he went on to Embomma, where he had a conference with eight kings, who repudiated all sympathy with the pirates, and promised support in suppressing them. A number of other kings are also mentioned as having either made their peace or suffered punishment. Indeed so many kings turn up in the despatches and Captain Burton's travels, that this might almost be supposed to be the chief product of the region. At every step the traveller comes upon them, and respect for monarchy is certainly not promoted by their appearance or manners. They are of course of various degrees of rank, some having a superior authority, while others are only subordinate chiefs. The title of king, Burton says, is prostituted throughout the whole of the West Coast of Africa, but is nowhere so degraded as in the Congo region. There the whites turn it to account in order to flatter the vanity of the negro, who accepts it with a view to increasing his own importance, and thus getting a larger share of "dash," that is gifts, or rather exactions, from travellers, than others. "Every fellow with one black coat becomes a 'preese' (prince), and if he has two he styles himself a 'king.' " Nepalla, the Rei dos Reis, as he is called, who reigns in the upper Delta, has some ten chief officers, called 'kings,' who buy and sell on his account. When Burton visited him he was in State attire. The crown was the usual biretta (nightcap) of open work, the sceptre a drum-major's staff, the robes a beadle's coat of scarlet cloth edged with tinsel gold lace. His neck was adorned with hair circlets of elephants' tails, strung with corals and beads; and he has a silver ring welded round the ankles. On the left of the throne sat the Nehuni, or second king, attired in a footman's livery of olive-coloured cloth, very much worn, and gleaming with plated buttons bearing the crest of the former owner. All this finery, if it does not impose on the foreigner, at least helps to distinguish the great man from his nearly naked subjects, and is found useful as a proclamation of his rank, and of the amount of "dash" with which he must be propitiated. The "Silver Chief Officer" had to be summoned before the old King would transact business, and a great clapping of hands was the opening

ceremony. This was followed by drinking healths in champagne or rum, for in the Congo country nothing can be done without liquor. Another king whom Burton saw, who had only lately been a trading lord at Boma, but now was forbidden to look on the sea, wore a gaudy fancy helmet, a white shirt with limp Byronic collar, broadcloth frock coat, a purple velvet sash, and theatrical dagger, with brass rings on his naked ankles, and the usual beadle's cloak. This king had been lately crowned in virtue of his mother being a uterine sister of his predecessor, the first-born of the nearest maternal relative being here the heir. These kings, though their right to make the most out of strangers is fully recognized, do not seem to exercise much authority over their subjects; and it is easy to understand that the foreigner is regarded on all sides as a natural victim, and must take care of himself. We gather, however, from Captain Burton's narrative that, with the exception of the piratical population on the lower banks of the Congo, the natives are not usually disposed to violence. Their ordinary life is regular, and society simple and patriarchal, as amongst the Iroquois and Mohawks. The Congolese are passably brave among themselves, but crafty and confined in their views. The staples of their commerce are now palm-oil, and the arachis, or ground-nut, which require little labour, and command a ready and constant sale.

COWDRAY.

WE have had in our time more than once to complain of the strange neglect which, amid a marked improvement with regard to our antiquities of other kinds, is commonly the lot of our ancient domestic buildings. There is undoubtedly the great difficulty of making the general public understand that there are any ancient domestic buildings at all—the difficulty of persuading people that a mediæval building, when palpably not a castle, is not necessarily a church or a monastery. There is perhaps a certain class of houses to which this difficulty does not apply. These are the great houses of the reigns of the first two Tudor Kings, the latest houses which can be in any sense called ancient, the earliest which can in any sense be called modern, as being the earliest which can be adapted to modern uses without spoiling them, the earliest which can suggest much practical teaching for buildings of our own time. It is instructive to be carried suddenly from the castles of Northumberland or South Wales to such a building as the ruined house of Cowdray in Sussex. Our feelings are exactly opposite in the two cases. When we see a castle in ruins, we feel that the castle is as it ought to be: when it is inhabited, we feel that it is as it ought not to be. We grudge Alnwick and Bamburgh alike their different kinds of inhabitants. When we come to a ruined house as distinguished from a ruined castle, we mourn to see it in ruins; we regret its lack of inhabitants. At Alnwick we should feel annoyed at the presence even of a Vesey; at Cowdray, the dwelling-place of seven or eight successive Viscounts Montague, we are sorry that there is not a Viscount Montague dwelling there still. For the castle is a thing of the past, a thing of a past which is wholly gone; it is something which was called into being by circumstances which have long vanished. It is essentially an antiquity, a memorial of distant times, and, if it is made into a modern dwelling-place, it loses its character as an antiquity and a memorial. The habits of modern life, carried on in an ancient keep, are simply incongruous. Either the keep is utterly sacrificed, or else the habits of modern life are carried on with less convenience than they might be elsewhere. In a Tudor house on the contrary, great or small, the case is quite different. It is not a castle, a fortress—a dwelling-place certainly, but a dwelling-place of days when no dwelling was safe but a fortress; it is strictly a house, in which, if any signs of a fortress are shown, they are mere survivals, a house in which it is perfectly possible to live with comfort in our own times. The interest of a building is always greater when it has been uninterruptedly used for its proper use from its first days till now; and, on this ground, it is always sad to see an ancient house forsaken or ruined. Of this Cowdray is a special case. The house, one of the grandest structures of the early days of Henry the Eighth, lived on as the chief dwelling-place of its owner till near the end of the last century. Nearly at the same time—it is probably a case of modern legend when we are told that it was on the self-same day—Cowdray House was burned, and the last Lord Montague was drowned far away in the Rhine, as though fire and water had, as *Æschylus* says, conspired together against the family. At that time, to judge from what still remains, and from old drawings, the house must have been absolutely perfect, and it would seem to have been hardly at all disfigured, at least on the outside, of which alone we are able to judge.

The house, built about 1520, belonged to that happy moment of our national art when purely domestic architecture was at its height. The notion of the great house as something distinct from the castle had been brought to perfection. The turreted gate-house is doubtless continued by direct tradition from castle times; but it is merely continued, and its few really military features, as the holes for shooting out of, have become little more than survivals. On the other hand, the architecture is still purely English; it does not as yet Italianize. That is to say, the architecture proper does not; as the foreign influence may be found in tombs and other lesser features before it touches the main features of a church, so it may be found in inserted medallions and the like

before it touches the main features of a house. There is nothing of this kind now visible at Cowdray, except one or two inserted coats-of-arms and the like, which must be a little later than the building itself, and some Jesuit-like work in the chapel, which must be later still. Otherwise the house, with the quadrangular court—of which two sides have utterly vanished, and not one is absolutely perfect—the gate-house, the hexagonal kitchen-tower, the grand hall with its windows and buttresses and its vast oriel, generally the ranges of large windows throughout the house, are purely and perfectly English. Both the actual style and the arrangements of the building are exactly at the point which is best suited for domestic work. There was still the hall in all its stateliness, with its screens, its gallery, its oriel, its soaring timber roof, every feature of mediæval grandeur still untouched. But the master and his family were no longer cabined, cribbed, confined, as they were in the older houses. The solar keeps its old place in relation to the hall, but it has swelled into the great drawing-room, or rather series of drawing-rooms, whose large windows form a main feature of the quadrangle. But while the modern architect makes a pretty drawing of a house and then gets his rooms into it how he can, here at Cowdray, no one can mistake the purpose of any part of the building. Each is marked by its own proper character; the hall is clearly the hall, and nothing else; the large rooms beyond it are no less clearly what they are, and nothing else. The hall and the chapel alone have pointed and traceried windows; the other parts have the square window which best suits domestic purposes. Buildings of this kind, in their grand simplicity, their perfect adaptation of everything to its proper end, do indeed contrast with that endless striving after something new, something queer, something unlike anything which has ever been done before, which seems the main object of most designers of modern houses. Contrast Cowdray with the endless houses, all more or less by way of being mediæval, which spring up day by day in the outskirts of Oxford. The difference of scale goes for nothing. The designers of Cowdray could with equal ease have designed a house on the smallest scale, and they could have made it as good in its own way as Cowdray itself. The other alternative, that of the designer of any of the Oxford houses designing a house on the scale of Cowdray, is too fearful to be taken into any man's thoughts. The whole difference may be summed up in one word; at Cowdray there are no dodges. There are no breaks, no projections, no odd little bits put in, not because they serve any practical end, but because the architect was throughout haunted by the notion "I must make something picturesque." At Cowdray, and in all other buildings of the type of Cowdray, the whole house and every part of it is meant to serve its own purpose. Each part does serve its own purpose, and the reward of building rationally and straightforwardly is the creation of a magnificent and harmonious whole.

The history of Cowdray carries us into the thick of the history of the sixteenth century. A local guide-book, by an odd turning about of things, believes that Cowdray took its name from a family of Cowdrays, of whom a certain Thomas is recorded in the fourteenth century. The present house no doubt marks the site of an earlier house or castle; but the history of the present building begins with a daughter of the famous Marquess of Montague who died at Barnet, Lucy by name, whose marriages remind us of the real and mythical Countesses of that name at an earlier time. The daughter of Montague and niece of Warwick married successively Sir Thomas Fitzwilliam and Sir Anthony Browne, names which at once land us in the reigns of Henry the Eighth and his children. Her son by her first husband bought Cowdray in 1528 and built the house; her son by her second husband inherited it, and there entertained more than one sovereign. Sir Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, doubtless chose his title in memory of his mother's father, but he does not seem to have thought it needful to cast away his own surname. He stands out in our history as almost the only eminent layman who, having conformed to all changes under Henry, Edward, and Mary, and having indeed played a leading part in the changes under Mary, refused to conform under Elizabeth. Lord Montague even argued stoutly in the House of Lords against the second abolition of the Papal authority. Yet, like everybody else in his time, he did not scruple to enrich himself with ecclesiastical estates. He was an early possessor of Battle Abbey, though it may be well to bear in mind that the church there was pulled down, not by him, but by an earlier possessor still. In his peerage and his possession of Cowdray he was succeeded by several Viscounts of the elder faith, though the family had conformed to the established religion before it came to an end. This suggests a question—What was during this long time the use of the chapel, an apsidal building with a room, as in so many other cases, opening into it, which forms an important part of the building, and which is the only part which now shows distinct signs of having been Italianized within? Did successive Viscounts Montague venture on anything so like public celebration of forbidden rites as to have mass said in this chapel? Was no worship of the kind enjoined by law provided for Queen Elizabeth on her visit? Sir Anthony lived to be an old man, and it was quite at the end of his days, in 1591, that he received Queen Elizabeth at Cowdray. Long before that time all the doubtings and haltings and compromises of the earlier part of her reign had come to an end, and men were, as they are now, either distinctly Protestant or distinctly Roman Catholic. Here is a question which at once strikes the visitor, and to which local research may perhaps find an answer.

It is, as we have said, not without a feeling of sadness that we see a building in ruins which might still, but for the accident

of eighty years back, have been kept on in all its splendour as one of the greatest houses of the best house-building time. Its repair, which in more than half of the vast pile would amount to rebuilding, is now hardly to be thought of; but one thing at least might be done. Never was a building so thoroughly disfigured, and indeed endangered, by that baleful plant which is sometimes so strangely thought to add fresh beauties to the buildings which it defaces. The whole is so utterly overgrown with ivy that in many parts the proportions are utterly lost. The outlines both of the great gateway and of the kitchen tower can hardly be traced by reason of the presence of the enemy in its full strength. The insidious weed has so entwined itself into the great oriel of the hall that its rear-arch seems ready to fall. Some hand should at least be stretched forth to hinder this. We cannot afford to lose one stone of such a house as Cowdray. It stands, like others of its own class, as a memorial of what Englishmen could do in the sixteenth century, of what they will not do in the nineteenth. We can never look on a building of this kind without once more asking the question, why, while we have in our own land buildings like Cowdray and Thornbury, buildings of the very stateliest architecture, an architecture which is the growth of our own soil, whose associations are those of our own history, and which is surely surpassed by the architecture of no other nation in splendour, in consistency, in practical convenience—when we have such models as these at home, should we ransack Venice and Verona, and all the cities of the earth, to bring back a scrap from this place and a scrap from the other, whose sole merit is that, whatever they are, they are not English? Some years ago we might have wished to place Lord Palmerston in the full blaze of the oriel at Cowdray, and to ask whether that was at all like the style of a Jesuits' College? With such buildings among us, it is indeed strange that our modern architects and their employers will go everywhere for models, rather than to the great works of our own land. We can only say, for our own part, that if any Englishman is thinking of building a house on any scale, from a palace to a cottage, he could not fail to learn something which might be useful in his work by a study, even in its ruin, of the house in which the first Viscount Montague entertained Edward and Elizabeth.

THE NORFOLK FISHERIES.

IN the course of an inquiry into the fisheries of Norfolk Mr. Frank Buckland collected evidence as to the general supply of crabs and lobsters to London, and perhaps this evidence, which forms an appendix to his Report, is the most interesting part of the volume which contains it. He mentions Cromer as formerly very productive of lobsters and crabs, but the supply began to fall off seven years ago, and four years ago the last was seen of Cromer crabs. The crabs from a neighbouring place are very small, and are called in the market "Dunbar bugs." Very small crabs are also received from Scarborough. As regards both crabs and lobsters, the supply to London has fallen off very much in the last few years, and the price has risen 25 per cent. The "berries" of lobsters are largely used in cooking, especially for colouring and enriching sauces. "The lobster is never so good as when in the condition of a berried hen." Among Mr. Buckland's informants was the person who boils lobsters for Scott's at the top of the Haymarket. It appears that lobsters are plunged into boiling water and killed instantly. Boiling crabs gradually in cold water is not practised at Billingsgate; but, as Mr. Buckland says "it is very cruel" to do this, we infer that the practice is not extinct. It is calculated that the boiler at Scott's destroys in April and May eggs which might have represented 1,720,320 lobsters. Either the boiler or Mr. Buckland makes a suggestion which we hope some cook will try when we are not dining with his master. It is that "a very good substitute for lobster spawn could be made by boiling logwood." Whatever may be the virtue of these "berries," we think that cooking ought to do its best without them, and the "berried hens" should be returned to the sea. Mr. Buckland has done much good in teaching all classes of society to recognize the gross improvidence of habits of which this use of lobster spawn to colour sauce is an example. He also denounces the cruel practice of "pegging" lobsters, which "takes all the goodness out of the claws, causes the animal great pain, and makes it pine." This practice still goes on mostly in Ireland, although tying the claws answers the same purpose. Tying is necessary in order to prevent the lobsters tearing off each other's claws. Pegging is quicker, and Irish or other fishermen could not easily be brought to consider a lobster's feelings; but perhaps they might think it important that tied lobsters come to market in better condition than pegged ones. Mr. Buckland proposes a standard gauge of $\frac{4}{3}$ inches for crabs and 7 inches for lobsters, and it appears that the trade generally would agree that the sale of anything under this measure should be prohibited. But as regards the "fearful and murderous destruction of lobster spawn" by the London cooks, "who must and will have these eggs at any cost," and who perhaps will not try logwood as a substitute, Mr. Buckland's course is not quite clear. Unfortunately the lobster, unlike the salmon and the crab, is, when carrying eggs, at its very best for food. The dealers cannot do without the fish, and the cooks want the eggs. There is, says a medical authority, no substance

which conveys phosphorus so readily into the human system, and which the system so readily and quickly assimilates, as the flesh of oysters, crabs, and lobsters, and for this reason these fish should form the diet of persons engaged in business or literary pursuits where much wear and tear of the nerve-forces take place from day to day. We can easily believe that any diet which conveys phosphorus into the system would be useful to persons engaged in literary pursuits, for if these persons have light in themselves, they might be able to guide others; and in any view we must allow the importance of increasing, if possible, the supply of shell-fish to London by reasonable protection on the coast of Norfolk and elsewhere. One of the dealers suggests that, if the "berried hens" were returned to the sea, the berries would be brushed or washed off. But if the lobster with her eggs upon her can find her way to Scott's, we think she could quite as easily get back to her submarine home. It is at any rate open to those who desire that the human system should be properly supplied with phosphorus to prohibit their cooks from using lobsters' eggs for sauce. We may add that the phosphorescent quality of a stale crab at night has, as we understand, no connexion with that property of the flesh which enables it to convey phosphorus into the system of a gentleman engaged in literary pursuits. As regards oysters, Mr. Buckland is probably right in thinking that many valuable beds remain undiscovered. He wishes that revenue cutters might be instructed to put down oyster dredges as often as possible, and perhaps private vessels might do the same. The owner of a yacht who should find a deposit of these gems "of purest ray serene" might be the means of supplying phosphorus to the systems of many literary men, and although he could not set the Thames on fire, perhaps they might.

The original home of the "trawlers," or deep-sea fishers, was Barking, and it is only within thirty years that they have removed to Yarmouth and Grimsby, where they have the fishery at their very doors. The trawlers catch their fish on the vast submarine plateau extending from Flamborough Head to Orfordness, and from the Long Fisher Bank, north of Heligoland, to Ter Schelling on the Dutch coast. The Silver Pits, now a noted fishing-ground, was discovered in 1845. The Dogger Bank has been known much longer. Twenty years ago immense numbers of soles, turbot, and other flat fish were taken on the coast of Holland and in the Silver Pits; now the quantity is less and less every year. Experienced witnesses think there should be no trawl-fishing within the seven-fathom mark on the Dutch coast. Outside that the fish are of good size; they hatch near the shore, and after a time go into deeper water, especially near the Silver Pits, where they grow much larger. "Fish nursery," says a witness, is a good word, for the fish hatch in warm shallow water, and as they grow go into deeper water. Surely, therefore, this nursery should be well protected, for it is of the greatest importance to the whole of the trawling grounds in the North Sea. Round Heligoland is another first-rate spawning ground, many miles wide, and our Government might protect this with little trouble or expense. The Germans protect their coast, and will not allow any trawling vessels to fish inside nine fathoms of water. It is calculated that at least a hundred tons of very small fish are destroyed every night in May, June, and July, and each hundred tons would, if let alone, become two thousand tons of good fish in time. If these statements are correct, it may be hoped that the Dutch Government, in concert with our own, will interfere to protect the "fish nursery" on its coast. The greatest mischief is said to be done by the Dutch vessels, which fish much nearer to the shore than English smacks. There can be no question of the extent of the mischief or the certainty of the remedy. Mr. Buckland proposes that in this country the sale of soles less than seven inches in length should be forbidden, and he suggests that the public should refuse to buy these or other unsizable sea fish. Yet, although fish are not as plentiful as they might be, many fine vessels are engaged in trawling, and they are attended by fast-sailing cutters which convey the fish from the trawlers direct to Billingsgate. The trawlers are divided into fleets, each commanded by an "admiral." Enormous quantities of ice are used by the trawlers, and it is collected together in winter from the rivers, dykes, and lakes or "broads" of Norfolk, and stored at Yarmouth, and is also brought from Norway. The Norwegian ice is preferred to the "broad" ice, but it is more expensive.

The herring fishery of Yarmouth has existed for eight hundred years. The value of luggers, smacks, and other vessels, and of buildings belonging to the fisheries at Yarmouth is estimated at three-quarters of a million sterling, and there are employed in these fisheries about eleven hundred vessels and nearly nine thousand men and boys. The Great Eastern Railway carried in 1874 27,000 tons of fish from Yarmouth, and in the same year 20,000 tons were sent from the Yarmouth trawlers by cutters and steamers direct to Billingsgate. Thus, although the railway carries more than comes by water, the site of what is practically the only fish-market in London is determined by the convenience of the sea-borne trade. And it seems hopeless to attempt to divide the business between two markets. It is calculated that on a favourable night in the North Sea between five and six thousand miles of nets are fishing for herrings, and that in 1873 there were landed at Yarmouth and Lowestoft 423,000,000 of herrings, of which the value, if cured, and sold at a halfpenny each, would be 875,000*l*. Complaint being made to Mr. Buckland that the deep rudders of Scotch fishing-boats injured the nets of the Lowestoft boats, he communicated with the Secretary of the Scotch Fishing Board, who answered that the damage was exaggerated, and added,

with perhaps superfluous patriotism, that he was satisfied that the more was known of Scotch fishermen at Lowestoft the better they would be liked. Fishermen are not, as a rule, fond of strangers who come to divide with them the produce of what they will persist in considering as their own fishing-ground, and formerly the English and Dutch used to fight whenever they met in the North Sea. It may be doubted whether it is more easy to love your neighbour because he happens to be a Scotchman with a deep rudder to his boat. Mr. Buckland satisfied himself that the complaint was well founded, and although of course he does not deny the amiable qualities of Scotch fishermen, he hopes that the Scotch Commissioners will get them to alter the pattern of their rudders. The spring fishing for smaller herrings does not appear to injure the principal "harvest of the sea" in autumn, and these spring herrings are in great demand for bait for turbot and other deep-sea fish; and it is said that, if the English did not catch these spring herrings, Frenchmen and Dutchmen would, as they must have them for bait. The vast plains of sand opposite to Yarmouth are the headquarters of the herring, and he is produced in such abundance that neither spring, summer, nor autumn fishing shows any diminution of supply, but there is always enough for all.

Mr. Buckland understands that there is an enormous oyster-bed in the North Sea, east of the Silver Pits, in about twenty-seven fathoms, and that the trawlers avoid this "rough ground," as they call it, as much as possible, but sometimes by accident get on it, and then take more oysters than they know what to do with. Mr. Buckland recommends that a vessel should be sent to buy these oysters of the trawlers, who often fling them back into the sea, and that they should be laid in some favourable locality to breed and fatten. But if there really be this El Dorado near the Silver Pits, it seems strange that it is not thoroughly explored. Modern progress in other respects may be more or less, but it is undeniable that in London the little boys do not now build grottoes, either because the School Board has taken them, or because there are no oyster-shells. Mr. Buckland proposes that the shells of such few oysters as London now consumes should be put back into the beds as the best "culch" for spat. He also suggests that, whenever young oysters are found adhering to the parent shell, that shell should be carefully put aside, and placed where the young oysters may fatten. Any proposals that he may make for protecting any class of immature fish will be favourably received, for he has done much already to increase the food supply of the country, and the benefit of a system of judicious preservation would be almost incalculable.

AMENITIES OF ULTRAMONTANE CONTROVERSY.

MR. GLADSTONE has lately called attention to the possible future policy, as he views the matter, of "the Ultramontane minority which pervades the world." He describes it as a party "which triumphs in Belgium; which brags in England; which partly governs and partly plots in France; which disquiets, though without strength to alarm, Germany and Austria; which is weaker perhaps in Italy than in any of those countries; but which is everywhere coherent, everywhere tenacious of its purpose, everywhere knows its mind, follows its leaders, and bides its time." Whatever may be thought of his predictions, there can be little doubt of the accuracy of this description, especially of the closing words. Such a party cannot but have considerable power in the world for good or for evil, though the noise it makes—and it is very noisy indeed—may be out of all proportion to its real influence. It becomes, therefore, a matter of some interest to take note of such indications of its dominant spirit and temper as come before the public, and all the more so when they run directly counter to professions which the champions of Ultramontanism are never tired of dinning into our ears. Sir G. Bowyer has lately assured us, in reference to the too famous Guibord affair, that "the Roman Catholic Church never curses." We need not enter here on the liturgical and antiquarian aspects of the controversy raised between him and Mr. Mackonochie. But some pretty strong evidence has been supplied during the last week or two that, if "the Church never curses"—which, however, seems, to say the least, very far from certain—the same cannot be said of her priests, two of whom at all events have just exhibited a capacity for wholesale malediction quite refreshing in this degenerate age. We will not say *ex uno disce omnes*, which would be a gratuitous, and no doubt a very unfair, criticism. But still some new light is thrown on the tolerant and liberal professions, so glibly enunciated by certain leading ecclesiastics of the same school, in the letters of the Rev. Alexander Henry and another nameless cleric who will probably retain sufficient traces of discretion to preserve his incognito. The story, so far as it has been permitted to transpire, must be allowed to be less edifying than instructive.

It appears that "a delicate and weak-headed boy," as his father designates him, was lately received into the Roman Catholic Church at St. Leonards-on-Sea, without the knowledge of his parents. On discovering what had occurred, the father, who is an Anglican clergyman, addressed a letter to the priest who had received his son, which is not particularly remarkable for either wisdom or discretion, but is still perfectly courteous. The most material portion of his inquiries—which, as will presently appear, was suffered to remain unanswered—was as to whether the youthful convert had been encouraged, or rather directed, to practise a course of sys-

tematic deception towards his father. The reply to this letter did not arrive for above three weeks, and, as it occupies nearly two columns of the *Times*, may be presumed to have cost the writer some time and trouble, and to convey the matured expression of his deliberate convictions. It is certainly a model composition in its way, and we only regret that a very brief summary of its leading topics is all we can find room for here. After an opening flourish about "the Church, One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic, outside of which no one can be saved," the afflicted father is blandly informed that his annoyance at his son's conversion is perfectly natural in "a paid minister of an heretical sect." Then follows a polite allusion to another "Protestant minister, a near relative to a well-known Protestant Bishop," who on a previous occasion had threatened instantly to shoot the writer if he could catch him, and on a subsequent occasion "brought a knife and a stone up here" from the same murderous motive; but his purpose appears to have been somehow providentially frustrated, for this doughty champion of Rome is still alive and hearty and "able to fight the press as well as" his correspondent. The next personage assailed is "that ecclesiastical mountebank" the Bishop of Lincoln. And then at last the writer condescends to touch upon the really essential point of the letter addressed to him, but only for the purpose of parrying the charge of duplicity by a fling at that "jaunty and sneaking calumniator, the late Charles Kingsley," and an appeal to the authority of Dr. Newman, the impertinence of which is only equalled by its silliness. This appeal is supplemented by a broad hint that the convict prisons of England are thronged by clerical forgers and thieves, and that Protestant squires and gentlemen have too much regard for the honour of their daughters and the safety of their spoons to trust any clergyman, "on any pretext whatever," within their doors. We pass over a rambling and not over-gratuitous digression on the errors of the Protestant Bible, the cruelty of Protestant parents, and the "pirating" exploits of Protestant Societies in Ireland, one extract from which may suffice here:—"Better a million times over had they fallen into the hands of Turks or cannibals who sucked up their blood, than to have perished under the stark dereliction of these last myrmidons of a Protestant apostolate." At last, having wielded his tomahawk to such excellent effect, and scattered broadcast through several pages the curses of which Sir George Bowyer expresses a pious horror, this accomplished master of the maledictory art appears suddenly to remember that he has not yet attempted to answer the queries of his aggrieved correspondent as to the treacherous instructions given to his son. He therefore, after another irrelevant fling, this time at "the lady inmates of parsonages," gives him to understand, "in the most unmistakable manner," that he will not answer it at all. "It is altogether unheard of for a priest to divulge to any third party either the questions of those who consult him or the advice he may think proper to give them." Had the father asked to be informed of the details of his son's confessions there would have been some force in the answer. As he had simply asked whether the boy had been directed to deceive him by saying he had been for a walk, when he had been attending the Roman Catholic chapel, this refusal to reply can bear but one interpretation. The writer indeed shows that he is dimly aware of the fatal weakness of his case; for, after pausing for a moment in his savage philippic to tell his correspondent that he will tell him nothing of what he asks, he at once relapses into a torrent of irrelevant abuse. Protestants are habitually engaged in throwing mud out of drawing-room windows on their Catholic victims in the gutter below, but the worm will turn at last, and there is one priest at least who is not to be pelted with impunity, and begs to assure his assailants that their missiles shall be returned with interest. Finally, his correspondent is bidden to take note that, as being the paid minister of an heretical sect, "the sword of God's eternal damnation is hanging over" him, and at the moment of death he will be instantly plunged into everlasting flames.

Perhaps our readers may be tempted to exclaim, what we must confess occurred to ourselves on first perusing these remarkable lucubrations, that it was hardly worth while to give publicity to the half-crazy ravings of a coarse and nameless fanatic, if indeed the whole correspondence was not a hoax. But the apologies which it has evoked make such an estimate of it no longer possible. For the strangest part of the affair remains to be told. It was natural enough that Sir G. Bowyer should write to the *Times* to say, as a Roman Catholic, that he shared the feelings of "pain and indignation" which must be felt by every educated gentleman on reading this precious medley of truculent vulgarities; and there the matter might have stopped. But, unfortunately for himself, Mr. Henry, the Roman Catholic priest of St. Leonards, had the indiscretion also to write to the *Times* to disclaim all connexion with a writer "whose manners are stamped as offensive by his language, most repulsive to souls." Whereupon next day there appeared in the *Times* the following polite epistle, addressed to Father Hyacinthe in an Italian newspaper three or four years ago on the "Feast of the Prayer of our Lord Jesus Christ on the Mount of Olives," by this same Mr. Henry, the genuineness of which is not disputed:—

Monsieur Loyson.—In calling you liar, I say nothing new; for the devil, who has begotten every apostate monk, has ever been a liar. In calling you Protestant, I simply apply to you the epithet deserved by all those who profess a faith which they do not hold. I prefer, then, to recognize you in your character as the son of Satan, and to call you accursed. . . . then, I salute you! As a priest of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, I long for the Day of Judgment, when I shall see you

and your colleagues of the *Speranza* cast into the flaming abyss a prey to eternal torments. When I think that cursed apostates like yourself are permitted to exist, I bless the goodness of God, who has created a hell for such as you. Your career and your successes in this world will soon be brought to a close; sooner than you suppose will Rome be for ever delivered from such wretches. But, oh! what glory will there be for the Christian Church when the last judgment shall publicly ratify the condemnation of every apostate, even of such an insignificant wretch as you!

REV. ALEXANDER HENRY,
St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, England.

If there is anything to choose between Mr. Henry and his anonymous colleague, the former appears to be the more finished adept at cursing of the two. But this is not all. Canon Oakley, whose perfect sincerity no one will doubt, and who, we might have felt certain even if he had not told us so, would be "thrilled with horror" by the hideous imprecations of Mr. Henry's letter to Father Hyacinthe, writes to assure us from his own personal knowledge that "a more upright, generous, and kind-hearted man than the Rev. Alexander Henry" he has never known in the course of a long life, with more to the same effect, and that if he really wrote the letter attributed to him—as he has since admitted that he did—he cannot possibly have meant what he said. Now on this apology we have two remarks to make. In the first place, we are quite willing to accept Mr. Oakley's account of the personal character of his friend, but he hardly appears to have appreciated its full bearings. It is precisely because men of blameless private character, of warm sympathies and generous nature, permit themselves to clothe their theological antipathies in a style of Billingsgate which would disgrace a tipsy fishwoman, that Ultramontane fanaticism acquires so portentous a significance. Just as every considerable party contains black sheep, so does it contain fools and fanatics. The speciality of Ultramontanism is that folly and fanaticism of this ferocious kind are characteristic of its most devout and high-minded adherents, and their earnest but impolitic candour enables us to gauge the value of the liberal protestations of their better educated or more cautious colleagues. In the next place, we have no great difficulty in believing with Canon Oakley that divines like Mr. Henry and his anonymous brother priest at St. Leonards do not exactly mean what they say when they express their ardent yearning to behold their theological rivals writhing in eternal flames. But the less they mean it the more significant is the fact that they should think it right to say it, for it shows that they are not simply carried away by a momentary impulse, but acting on a deliberate principle, when they hurl their savage curses at Protestants, "apostates," and sons of the devil—in other words, at those who, like Father Hyacinthe, reject Ultramontanism, or have never adopted it. One further remark inevitably suggests itself. The exceptional stringency of her discipline is the standing boast of the Roman Catholic Church. As a French Bishop tersely expressed it in the Senate, "We order our clergy to march, and they march." Now here are two priests in the small town of St. Leonards indulging in sentiments worthy of an inquisitor or a fiend if they mean anything at all, and of a drunken Irishman in a street fight if they mean nothing. Yet we are not aware that either of them has been reprimanded by authority, and one at least has evidently continued to hold his cure of souls for several years since he favoured the world with his rapturous delineation of the everlasting torments expressly prepared by "the goodness of God" for another priest who found himself unable to accept the new dogma of the Vatican. Under the Roman discipline as administered in this country, a stroke of his bishop's pen would have effectually silenced him or deprived him of his parish. And we may be very sure, from what has occurred in other cases, that, if his sentiments were really viewed with disapprobation, he would speedily have discovered his mistake. We will conclude with a few words from a letter addressed by Count Montalembert to Dr. Dollinger only a few weeks before his death, and recently published, merely premising that they have no exclusive application to France, but are equally applicable to Ultramontanism everywhere:—

If you could but see the abyss of idolatry into which the French clergy have fallen! It surpasses all that could be imagined in the days of my youth. Poor Mgr. Maret, for having expressed some very moderate ideas in language full of urbanity and charity, is treated publicly in the so-called religious journals as a heretic, and by the least of his curates as an apostate. Of all the mysteries so largely presented in the history of the Church I know of none which equals or surpasses the rapid and complete transformation of France into a poultry yard or ante-room of the Vatican.

UNTUTORED INDIANS AND SMART YANKEES.

UNDER the attractive title of the "Red Man's Robbers" the *New York Herald* publishes the Report of a Commission appointed to investigate charges of fraud in the issue of provisions to Indians at Red Cloud Agency. It appears that Professor Marsh of Yale College visited this agency, and heard from the Indians complaints of the quality of their supplies, which he transmitted to the President, and thereupon inquiry was instituted, and in the result the complaints were only in part sustained. If one of Spotted Tail's band had told us that the hill-sides were covered with the graves of the children of his tribe who had died from eating sugar we should have recommended our informant to apply for a post which his talent eminently fitted him to occupy—we mean that of Special Correspondent to the *New York Herald*. Professor Marsh seems not to have made due allowance for the strength

of the imaginative faculty in the followers of Spotted Tail, and in some respects he was misled, but still there was real foundation for some of the complaints which he transmitted. The Commission tell us that there is no evidence that the pork issued to Red Cloud's band was otherwise than sweet and wholesome, but the proof is clear that it was of "inferior grade." To say that there is no evidence that pork is otherwise than wholesome is not quite the same thing as saying that pork is wholesome, and probably most persons would prefer not to eat pork with such a limited certificate of sweetness, and which is avowedly of "inferior grade." We do not know, and do not wish to know, what pork of "inferior grade" is. It is enough for us that the Commission are convinced that this pork was furnished with a deliberate design of defrauding both the Indians and the Government, and they say that the "irregularity" of this transaction reflects unfavourably on the contractor, which is probably the least they could say under the circumstances. The advertisement inviting bids called for "mess pork," but by a clerical error the word "mess" was omitted in the contract, which simply called for "pork." After the delivery of the first two hundred barrels, the contractor took advantage of the omission, and furnished "the lowest grade of pork known to the market." This lot, consisting of 600 barrels, the inspector was "induced" to pass. When the pork arrived, and the agent discovered that it was "unfit for use," he communicated this fact to the Department, and by compromise between the Government and the contractor a quantity of bacon was substituted for the "inferior" pork. The Commission recommend that the inspector should be dismissed, and the contractor excluded from future dealings with Government. We do not doubt, however, that the abilities of both these gentlemen will find employment elsewhere. Like pork which is not quite sweet and wholesome, characters slightly tainted have their uses in the great economy of things. Meat "unfit for use" may be fit to sell.

As regards flour, it appears that some issued at the agency was bad, but not so bad as the sample which the "wily chief" Red Cloud placed in the hands of Professor Marsh. It is admitted that sacks of "condemned" flour reached the agency and "slipped through," "without inspection," in some unexplained way. The Commission consider that flour of a "low grade" is good enough for Indians; but they say that it must be "wholesome" flour, which is, we hope, something different from flour not proved to be unwholesome. It seems that Red Cloud overdid a good case by furnishing a sample of flour adulterated to a point much beyond anything that could be found at the agency. But the case is full of suspicion, and it is admitted that the flour actually supplied was put up in sacks of 88 lbs. instead of 100 lbs., and this could hardly have been done for any purpose except fraud. As regards sugar, coffee, and tobacco, the Commission find that these articles were all of "inferior grade," and were designedly purchased as such, but it does not appear that Government was cheated either in price or quality. The notion that these qualities were good enough for Indians is not altogether adopted by the Commission. The tobacco was of three several grades, "all plug," two of which were of fair quality, but the third was a miserable compound of bits and cuttings manufactured with some other ingredients to stick them together, and pressed into shape. The Commission remark that, as the Indians only smoke, "plug" is not the most suitable tobacco for their purpose. Better tobacco is being furnished this year. The coffee was "of a low grade of Rio," but suitable for Indians, and far better than the "brown and ground mixture called coffee" which thousands of families are glad to get; and this statement we believe. The Indians might easily be supplied with tobacco and coffee better than are sold in London, and not be particularly well off. The bits and cuttings stuck together came probably from a tobacco plant, and the "low grade of Rio" is more likely to have been coffee than anything else.

It may be conceded that these contractors would as soon cheat their own Government, as the Indians, particularly as it is likely to be more profitable. All stores have to be conveyed by waggons from Cheyenne to the seat of the Red Cloud Agency, and futile attempts have been made to ascertain the distance between these two points in hope of checking the bill of the contractor who undertook the transport. The seat of the agency has been lately moved. The old seat was generally conceded to be only ninety miles from Cheyenne, but the contractor charged and was paid for 132 miles, and this, we are told, is not the most flagrant act of dishonesty on his part. In order to ascertain the distance of the new seat of agency an odometer was sent by Government to Cheyenne, and we are not surprised to hear that this instrument got out of order. After the lapse of three months it became capable of working, and produced the incredible figure of 226 miles, which the Government refused to accept. An officer was now appointed to make the measurement, but this final attempt was frustrated by the weather. It was calculated that the removal could be done for 5,000 dollars, but the charge was over 14,000 dollars, and is so exorbitant, say the Commission, as to shock the moral sense of any man who will look into the transaction. The Commission, "in view of the unmistakable evidence of fraud brought to light," recommend a reference to the Department of Justice, and if these agencies should be continued, they propose that hereafter the contracts should be let at so much for the whole distance instead of per hundred miles. They intimate a strong suspicion that the contractor obtained by corruption the contract which he fraudulently executed.

We shall, of course, be told that things quite as bad are done here, but we may at least say that some pretence to external decency is made in England. We must go back many years for a parallel to the cool impudence of these contractors, who seem to have supposed that they could bribe everybody who came in their way. Officers who were themselves incorruptible afforded by their negligence opportunities to unscrupulous subordinates. Thus the condemned flour slipped through inspection, and it can hardly be doubted that the odometer was got at. The hopeless confusion of these agencies supports the proposal of the Commission for a change of system. It appears that the Indians, or some of them, are entitled to "annuity goods," i.e. blankets, but they are not entitled to food, although they are pretty sure to get it. Game is almost extinct upon their reservations, the soil is barren, and they are lazy. There is of course a party in the United States, as among ourselves, which its opponents call humanitarian, and this party will not allow idle thriftless savages to starve. Hence supplies of pork, flour, and coffee are sent to the agencies, and there is no power in the United States to prevent speculation in the process. We might as well expect to abolish electoral corruption among ourselves. The Indians cunningly evade attempts at a census of their numbers, and it is possible that accuracy of knowledge, which might be inconvenient, has not been heartily pursued. The Commissioners discuss the policy of moving the Indians from the reservations and mixing them with white men. Civilization, they say, can only be imparted by contact with its influences. They object to blankets as tending to perpetuate the barbarous habits of the Indian, and think that, if clothing be issued to him at all, it should be such as he can work in. It would be better perhaps to put him into a swallow-tailed coat, "pants," and a chimney-pot hat at once. As regards treaty stipulations, which might be inconvenient, they suggest that three months' suspension of supplies would produce a compliant frame of mind. The Indians are to be taught, if possible, the necessity of individual property, and the creation of a district attorney to protect their rights and redress their grievances is regarded as an important step in their civilization. Some Indians were reduced by severe weather or improvidence to eat their ponies last winter; but this, we should suppose, can hardly be regarded as a misfortune, as they will now be more amenable to the census and other ameliorating influences. A fourth attempt is to be made to measure the distance between Cheyenne and Red Cloud Agency, and the Commissioners also suggest that this agency be brought nearer to the Missouri River, which would facilitate the measurement. We cannot afford to make light of these Indian difficulties, remembering our own troubles with Kaffirs, Hottentots, and Zulus. The Commissioners complain that a magnificent expenditure of 8,000,000 dollars per annum by the United States excites no gratitude among the Indians, but is attributed by them to cowardice. But the Commission need not despond. Efforts to civilize the Indians have not been wasted. Red Cloud's manufacture of a sample of flour for the use of Professor Marsh proves him an apt pupil of the smartest school of men of business. That "wily chief" understands how to handle a philanthropist, and under proper education might even become capable of working a contract for feeding his own tribe.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.

THE Dewhurst Plate, a two-year-old race which owes its origin to the liberality of Mr. Gee, the proprietor of the Dewhurst Stud, was patronized by no fewer than 99 subscribers, and added materially to the attractions of the Houghton week. The course selected is the last seven furlongs of the Rowley mile, and is therefore well calculated to test the stamina of the competitors; and at this season of the year, when a good two-year-old is at his best, it is not too severe for a youngster of first-class pretensions. Among the entries were the names of nearly all the conspicuous performers of the year; but as penalties more or less heavy were imposed on the winners of important races, there was a fair chance for a maiden two-year-old to distinguish himself. Petrarch, the winner of the Middle Park Plate, had incurred a 10-lb. penalty, and therefore it was not to be wondered that he was an absentee; but Springfield, on account of his failure in the Criterion, escaped without any extra weight. His Criterion conqueror, Clanronald, did not put in an appearance, and indeed the only penalized horse among the dozen runners was Bay Wyndham (late Folkstone), who carried 4 lbs. extra for his Epsom and Ascot victories. The soaking rains of the previous day made the going very heavy, and all against the chance of penalized horses; and their owners exercised a wise discretion in not exposing them to almost certain defeat. The field included, in addition to the two we have mentioned, Madeira, the second in the Middle Park Plate, the colt by Buccaneer out of Mineral, who was heavily supported for the same race, King Death, and Carthusian, both winners, the colt by Blinkhoolie out of Aline, and the grand-looking but backward colt by The Miner out of Stolen Moments. If the running in the Middle Park Plate and the Criterion could be accepted as true, Mr. Gee's prize should have fallen without difficulty to Madeira; for Madeira beat Clanronald a long way in the former race, and in the latter Springfield succumbed to Lord Lascelles's son of Blair Athol. But, as we suggested last week, there was more luck than merit in the Criterion finish, and in the Dewhurst Plate Madeira had no chance whatever with Springfield. In fact, she was one of the first beaten, and ran

so badly as to depreciate to some extent the merit of Petrarch's victory, while the easily accomplished success of the Mineral colt made the two-year-old running more hopelessly perplexed than ever. Instead of three or four two-year-olds standing out at the close of the season above their fellows, there appear to be about a dozen, one of whom is as good as another; and if the old days of Derby betting had not died out, there would have been quite twenty horses backed already for the great race of 1876. Considering the state of the ground, the pace in the Dewhurst Plate was good, and Carthusian, who was deputed to make the running for King Death, cut out the work so well as to do his stable companion more harm than good. In fact, Lord Lonsdale's second representative looked to have a fair chance of winning on his own account up to the Abingdon bottom, where he was passed by Springfield and the Mineral colt, and the latter, having Mr. Houldsworth's horse in trouble as the ascent of the hill was commenced, went on and won by three lengths. The rest of the field were widely scattered. The winner, a son of Buccaneer, was bred in Hungary, and is a horse of great power and quality. By his success in the Dewhurst Plate his owner has received some recompense for the disappointment he experienced in the Middle Park Plate; but, for the reasons we have given, it would be unwise to attach too much importance to the first victory of his promising representative. Were there any more important two-year-old races to be decided, it is as likely as not that the Dewhurst Plate form would be contradicted, just as the Middle Park Plate form, or the Epsom and Ascot two-year-old form, has been contradicted over and over again; so that we must content ourselves with waiting till next year, when it may be hoped the three-year-old running will be more consistent, and present fewer elements of perplexity. No doubt the winners of the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates and Skylark will be much talked of during the winter in connexion with the Derby of 1876; but, according to present appearances, there is every prospect that that great race will be an unusually open event, and will attract an unusually large field.

We may take this opportunity to dispose of the remaining two-year-old races of the Houghton week, several of which, though not coming up to the standard of the Criterion or Dewhurst Plate, were of more than passing interest. The Flirt, who continually disappointed Lord Falmouth when she was in his possession, but who has done nothing but win ever since she changed owners, carried off the Free Handicap Nursery on the first day of the meeting, and the Post Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. on the fifth. The first of these two performances was of some merit, for The Flirt was at the top of the handicap, and was giving no less than 23 lbs. to the colt by The Rake out of Mantilla, exclusive of allowance for sex. In the Hopeful Stakes the daughter of Beadsman received 2 lbs. from the Mantilla colt, and beat him by a length and a half; but this beating was hardly equivalent to the 25 lbs. which now formed the difference between them. However, the Mantilla colt, who is not blessed with the best of tempers, ran very ungenerously at the finish, and thus allowed The Flirt to get up and win by a neck. In her second race The Flirt beat Gavarni, and as the latter had won the Criterion Nursery two days before from a good field, including Hesper, Julia Peachum, and Ventnor, this performance also must not be despised; and when we remember that in the Middle Park Plate The Flirt occupied a conspicuous position for a considerable part of the race, it may be concluded that Lord Falmouth is not particularly well pleased at having parted with a filly of far more than average merit. The Post Sweepstakes over the Breby Stakes course resulted in the unlooked-for defeat of Coltness by Tassel. Tassel could only get third to Coltness in the New Stakes, and to King Death in the Maiden Plate at Ascot; so that he must have made considerable improvement during the summer months. Coltness, however, has been a source of constant disappointment to Mr. Houldsworth since his Ascot victory; and fortune still seems adverse to a sportsman who deserves, if any man does, a fair share of her favours. Only four started for the Troy Stakes, and Kaleidoscope had only Margarita to beat to make sure of the race. In this task he was easily successful, thus entirely reversing the Stockbridge running; and Lord Dupplin's horse may now be said to have quite recovered the brilliant turn of speed he first showed at the Sandown Park meeting and unaccountably lost soon afterwards. In the Home Bred Sweepstakes Fetterlock's 7-lb. penalty just prevented him from crediting Lord Falmouth with another goodly stake, and Cerberus landed the Galopin colours in the last stride. Finally, in the Old Nursery Stakes, over the Rowley mile, the Criterion winner, Clanronald, made the bold effort to carry 9 st. 2 lbs. to victory, but had no chance against lightly-weighted opponents, one of whom, the colt by The Rake out of Tragedy, was in receipt of 36 lbs., and won cleverly. The best performance in the race was that of the French filly La Seine, who gave the winner 25 lbs. and finished only a length behind him. La Seine, it will be remembered, was a good favourite for the Middle Park Plate, and it is clear that there were substantial grounds for the support that was accorded to her.

Three weight-for-age races call for a separate word of notice. The Trial Stakes on the Rowley mile showed Trappist in his best form over a distance just within his compass. It was no light task to run Munden at a difference of only 3 lbs. for the year between them after the form Mr. Howett's horse had shown in the October Handicap, but Trappist accomplished it with great ease. He was less successful in the Free Handicap Sweepstakes across the flat, the extra

quarter of a mile being too much for him, and in addition he found himself in superior company. Balfe, Carnelion, Nougat, and Bay of Naples were his opponents, and the last named was only burdened with 7 st. 2 lbs., while Balfe had to carry 8 st. 12 lbs. Prince Soltykoff's horse ran well, but could not give away 10 lbs. to Carnelion, who won cleverly by a length and a half; while Trappist, who was pulling double at the end of a mile, gave way the moment after, and Bay of Naples finished the absolute last. Carnelion followed up this success by winning the Jockey Club Cup over the Cesarewitch course, at weight for age, from Apology, Gang Forward, Spinaway, Balfe, Nougat, and Kaiser. Of these Apology was carrying 7 lbs. extra, and her running showed that for the first time this year she was in something like her old form. She laboured under the disadvantage of having nothing to make the running for her, and as she likes a strong-run race she was obliged, despite her weight, to make the running for herself. In consequence she was in difficulties at the Bushes, where Spinaway, Nougat, Gang Forward, and Carnelion were all in the race; but coming again at the finish, just when Carnelion had succeeded in shaking off Spinaway, and running with unflinching gameness, she as nearly as possible caught Sir A. de Rothschild's horse on the post, and was only beaten at last by a head. The riding both of Osborne and of Maidment was well worth seeing, and the race was quite one of the best Cup contests of the year. Spinaway ran, as usual, a game honest mare, but could not quite stay home, and the distance was too far also for Balfe and Kaiser. Gang Forward appears to have lost his form altogether, while Carnelion has improved wonderfully by his training for the Cesarewitch, in which race he ran prominently for a considerable distance. In the All-Aged Stakes Lowlander made mince-meat of two such speedy two-year-olds as Coomassie and Farnese, and in one way or another the super-excellent merits of Galopin are being continually confirmed. The match between Harmonides and Duke of Parma excited a good deal of interest, and opinions differed widely as to the result. Duke of Parma was set to give 12 lbs., but an excellent judge said that on public running there was not more than 5 lbs. between the pair, and the truth of this opinion was confirmed to the letter, for after a good race Harmonides won, giving the Cesarewitch winner about a 7 lbs. beating. The Circular Handicap only attracted seven runners out of sixty entries, and it was evident that the innovation was looked on with disfavour by the frequenters of Newmarket. Seamp, Lillian, Ladylove, Peeping Tom, La Coureuse, and Stray Shot were among the competitors, and Seamp kept up his reputation for running second by occupying that thankless position behind Stray Shot, who stayed the two miles, and won easily by three lengths. Ladylove ran respectably, though not up to the form she showed in the Newmarket Oaks, but she could not give a stone all but a pound to Stray Shot. It is to be hoped that we have seen the beginning and the end of circular courses at Newmarket. Such courses are an abomination which cannot be avoided where space is limited, but it is a mystery why they should be introduced at Newmarket, where there are such matchless straight courses of every variety of length and gradient. Surely the classic flat and the Ancaster and Cambridgeshire miles are good enough without inventing a merry-go-round course just to gratify the whims of a few loungers on the top of a stand who are too lazy to drive or gallop about the Heath from one winning post to another.

REVIEWS.

WORDSWORTH'S PROSE WORKS.*

THERE was a certain prophet who died and was buried; and his friends and disciples assembled at his grave for many days, and much people came there to learn concerning the prophet and his acts, and to take example by them. But when the Scribes and Pharisees heard that, they sent men with axes and hammers to build the prophet a new sepulchre, and their new sepulchre was of evil fashion and daubed with untempered mortar; and the noise of their axes and hammers was grievous to the people. And if any man besought them to leave the tomb in peace, they called him a despiser of the prophet, and reviled him, and cast stones at him. So the disciples and the people were sore disquieted; also many strangers, who had come to do honour to the prophet and to learn good things, turned back and went away empty.

We have forgotten where we read this fable, and of what prophet it was told. But something very like it is constantly practised on the great names of English literature. We are threatened with a veritable plague of sepulchre-building, in the shape of memoirs, editions, and annotations. There are various known and approved methods of swelling the bricklayer's bill on these occasions. One way is to drag into the light, with great assumption of a pious reverence for the author and of a generous desire for the public good, productions which the author himself never chose that the public should see. Another way is to mix up a small quantity of new writings or information with a large quantity of that which was already published and perfectly accessible. Yet another way is to collect from divers quarters divers jottings and reminiscences more or less

nearly concerning the author and his works, and to throw them into the mass under the common shelter of his name. Every one of these devices is more or less exemplified in the work before us, which is, on the whole, an excellently developed specimen of the art of manufacturing three volumes. Some twelve hundred pages of full-sized octavo may well be a surprise to those who have not been in the habit of considering Wordsworth as a writer of prose to any great extent. But their surprise will be soon abated by the discovery that the title is a misnomer. A book about one-third of the size might have been made with those materials which can fairly be called prose works. The rest is a collection of notes, correspondence, and miscellaneous documents and contributions which have already illustrated, or may now be found to illustrate, Wordsworth's personal and poetical biography. Mr. Grosart introduces this collection with a preface written in a singularly disagreeable and affected style, and in a tone of servile adulation towards Wordsworth, mixed with railing against contemporaries guilty of real or supposed offences against him, which helps one to understand the transition of the word *sympophant* from its Attic to its modern usage. We are informed that Hazlitt's "eyes were spectacles, not 'seeing eyes,' and jaundice-yellow," and that De Quincey was "a monkey with a man's soul somehow transmigrated into it." Moreover, Emerson's recollections of Wordsworth in the "English Traits" "belong to the same underbred category." The particular epithet is infelicitous; but on turning to the record of Mr. Emerson's keen and discriminating judgment—which, in truth, realizes Wordsworth for a later generation better than almost anything in these volumes, excepting always the short but valuable study of his poetic character contributed by a poet and true disciple, Mr. Aubrey De Vere—it is easy to see why there can be no favour for it in the eyes of Mr. Grosart. The exalted view taken by the editor of the greatness and solemnity of his task leads him also to a somewhat idle parade of editorial care. Instead of giving the needful information as to date, circumstances of production, and the like, with each piece as it comes, he constantly refers the reader back to the preface to Vol. I. for "details" which sometimes add little or nothing to what appears from the work itself. But enough of this. We turn to the contents of the book, which, however little we can approve the manner in which they are brought together, are nevertheless of Wordsworth's writing, and as such claim our attention.

The political and occasional pieces collected in the first volume are of very various merit. The unpublished letter to the Bishop of Llandaff on the French Revolution (written in 1793) is a spirited and well-written pamphlet, which in point of style indeed we prefer to the later works. The matter of it consists simply of the Republican maxims and arguments then current among young and enthusiastic members of the Whig party. It embodies them, however, in a compact and striking form, and, if it had been allowed to see the light, might not improbably have attained the honour of a parody in the *Anti-Jacobin*. Then follows the tract on the Convention of Cintra, a more ambitious and finished publication, but, with all respect for the pious warmth of the present Bishop of Lincoln's panegyric, perhaps less likely to find readers at the present day. It is of considerable length, written in the formal and dogmatic style of political controversy which prevailed at the time, and on an occasion of no permanent interest. We suspect that the editor is sensible of this, for he carefully avoids making any remarks of his own, and does not so much as refer the reader to the account of the events in Napier's *Peninsular War*; whether because he presumes it to be already known, or because he thinks the reader would not look at it, or because he has not looked at it himself, we leave to the consideration of the curious. We shall imitate his judicious reticence on the particular matters in controversy, and merely point out that the work contains passages which show considerable political insight on more general subjects, and indeed may fairly claim the rank of political prophecies. Thus we find the European importance of the struggle against the French power in Spain quite distinctly appreciated, and, what is more remarkable, a confident expectation of Italian and German unity as events both inevitable and desirable, and a prediction that "the smaller states must disappear and merge in the large nations and wide-spread languages." We next come upon two addresses to the freeholders of Westmoreland (1818), where the Jacobin of 1793 stoutly defends property qualifications and the control of Parliamentary representation by great county families. This complete conversion from Whig to Tory commonplaces during the course of the war was ordinary enough with other men, but for that very reason extraordinary in Wordsworth. The development of the political faculty in his mind seems to have been at this time arrested. Whether he touches on domestic politics in pamphlets or in letters, his thought has no real grasp or constructive power; he merely reiterates the stock phrases in better language than usual. On the questions of Catholic Relief and the Reform Bill no ignorant partisan's judgment could have been more completely enthralled by vulgar panic. In his protest against the Poor-law of 1834 (published as an appendix to his poems), and in some occasional pieces on education, his native shrewdness struggles at a disadvantage, though not without intervals of success, under the yoke of sentimental commonplace and ultra-clerical timidity.

The interest of the second volume is of a far different and more satisfying kind. Here the poet is in his own element; his literary judgment, to whatever degree it may command assent in particular cases, is the fruit of powerful and independent thinking. The generous vindication of Burns, long past as is the immediate reason for it, still deserves life by a double title. But the most important

* *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*. For the First Time Collected, &c. Edited, with Preface, &c., by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. 3 vols. London: Moxon & Co. 1876.

things on this head are the apologetic or polemic essays on the true principles of poetry. Wordsworth's criticism has so thoroughly produced its effect that we are already apt to forget how much we owe to him for breaking through the superstitions of the former generation in the matter of poetic diction, and boldly proclaiming that poetry ought to be written in plain English—"the real language of men." This is one of the good deeds for whose sake much is to be given, and at need forgiven; and if Wordsworth was in some degree too hasty and exclusive in his attack on the artificial school of poetry; if he did carry out his endeavours to hold up the light of a contrary example with a thoroughness and severity such that at times overstrained simplicity became bald, and directness tedious; if it is even something hard to keep one's gravity on finding him fully persuaded that the prolix narration of such a poem as the "Idiot Boy" is "rapid and impassioned"; yet none of these things must be suffered to abate our acknowledgment of the wisdom and insight that struck the evil of vicious writing at its root, and restored English song to a free and healthy life. His noble description of the Poet's character is well known, yet we cannot but cite it here:—

What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him?—He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves:—whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

The Man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs: in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time.

When Wordsworth exposes the fallacies latent in the ordinary division of prose and poetry as things wholly different in kind, and explains the reasons why metre is the natural and fitting accompaniment and outward symbol of poetry, though so-called "poetic diction" is a mere parasitic growth, he speaks with the authority of combined genius and experience, and teaches lessons of permanent value. For the rest, it was almost the custom of his time for poets to record in a critical form the principles and precepts they acted upon. The custom was a good one, but has in great measure fallen out of use. Sir Henry Taylor has in part continued it; our other living poets, with one brilliant exception, have omitted it.

The third volume contains (besides other things of which we shall say no more than has already been said or hinted incidentally) all the notes on Wordsworth's poems published at various times by himself, together with unpublished notes dictated by him to Miss Fenwick, and known as the F.F. MSS. These last add a good deal of biographical illustration as to the time, place, and surroundings of particular compositions. Mr. Grosart, after his manner, introduces them in language of intolerable extravagance, but their real value is probably considerable. To form any estimate of it beyond a mere guess would require a careful reading through of the whole of the poems; and, in fact, a new edition of the poems would have been a much more convenient place for them. One cannot help remarking, however, that if earlier poets had habitually treated their own works with this luxury of annotation, there might have been some difficulty in bringing them safely down to posterity under such a load of extraneous matter.

WYLD'S PHYSICS AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE SENSES.*

THE author of this work has selected a large and difficult subject, for the proper handling of which many separate intellectual qualifications are necessary. A thorough familiarity with the methods of physical science and with the recent applications of these methods to the phenomena of the senses, a habit of close and patient psychological reflection, and a clear and steady vision for the philosophical results of scientific discovery, may be regarded as a *sine qua non* in the pursuit of this comprehensive inquiry. We may as well say at once that Mr. Wyld will be found greatly wanting with respect to each of these essentials. He tells us that when, more than twenty-two years ago, he attempted to explore the tortuous paths which lead through the region of sensation and its interpretation, he rashly undertook to

handle a new and very intricate subject, but that since that time these topics have engrossed a "considerable portion" of his attention (Preface, p. ix.) At the conclusion of his work, however, Mr. Wyld is more candid, and informs us that his task has "exercised agreeably a portion of the evening of a life which has been devoted mostly to very different pursuits" (p. 535). We gather from this that the physics and philosophy of sensation have been taken up late in life as a pleasant diversion from other occupations, and we think this inference is amply verified by internal evidence. One is really staggered at the courage of a man who undertakes to discuss the physics of the senses in the year 1875, and is yet palpably unacquainted with the vast field of experiment recently opened up by German savants. It would be quite as great an anomaly for a writer in Germany to discourse on the origin and development of life, and take no notice of the works of Darwin and Spencer, as for a writer in this country to seek to interpret the physical phenomena of the senses without alluding to the epoch-making works of Helmholtz in acoustics and optics. Yet Mr. Wyld is manifestly ignorant of these researches, and his two or three references to Helmholtz are based on a perusal of his translated lectures, and do not touch on that thinker's leading discoveries. With respect to psychology as well as to philosophical reasoning Mr. Wyld is on a level with the generation which received its teaching from the extreme section of the narrow and cautious Scotch school. We can discover in this volume no evidence of any attentive study of recent psychology, while all manner of metaphysical fallacies are perpetrated in delightful ignorance of the keen and searching criticisms by which they have of late again and again been dissolved. At the same time Mr. Wyld makes one spasmodic attempt to bring the common-sense philosophy which he adopts from Reid into relation to modern scientific thought. And how does he seek to effect this? By addressing himself exclusively to two recently published popular lectures—the one on Protoplasm, by Mr. Huxley, and the other delivered by Mr. Tyndall before the British Association. After this we may perhaps understand how Mr. Wyld may have found his course of study a pleasant occupation for the evening of life.

It would be unedifying, even if it were practicable, to follow Mr. Wyld through his discussion of the multitudinous array of subjects which find a place in this volume. When we say that the author attempts to give a popular exposition of the sciences of organism and life, of the various hypothetical conceptions of matter in its final analysis, of the physics of light and sound, of the structure and functions of the special senses, of the general laws of the nervous system, and, in addition, to construct a perfect philosophy of the senses—that is to say, a final interpretation of mind and cognition on the one hand, and of matter and objective existence on the other—and, beyond all this, to supply an account at once biographical and critical of ancient and modern philosophy, the reader will understand that we scarcely feel ourselves equal to the task of appreciating so vast an intellectual achievement. We can only venture to touch on certain details in this splendid scheme with which we feel some degree of familiarity.

Of Mr. Wyld's command of the scientific facts connected with the senses we have already spoken. The total ignorance of the author respecting recent investigations into the nature of vision forces itself on our notice again and again. For example, in dealing with the difficult subject of visual direction (Chap. xix.), he contents himself with taking the views of Reid, Hamilton, and Dr. Porterfield as embodying the latest knowledge of the subject. So again, in alluding to the views of "some of the most eminent writers" respecting the "corresponding points" of the retina and the phenomena of double and single vision (p. 220), Mr. Wyld abides by his good old authorities, and makes no use of the fund of new research and interpretation which lies in Helmholtz's great work on Physiological Optics. Once more, the writer, with almost a touching credulity, imagines that the precise functions of the retinal cones and rods in transforming ether-vibrations into molecular movements of the nervous tissue are a simple and self-evident matter, wholly unaware of the ample discussions which are now being carried on by German anatomists and physiologists on this very point.

So much for the author's knowledge of the facts of his science. Does it fare better with his powers of scientific reasoning? Let us judge of these by examining the most considerable attempt in the volume to supply an original scientific theory—namely, the endeavour to find a physical cause for the phenomenon of single vision (Chapter xviii.). Mr. Wyld boldly denies that in any case the two visual impressions coalesce:—

Even when they [the two images] seem to coalesce, there are still two impressions made, one on each retina, and a corresponding impulse is from each of these membranes sent to the brain and to the mind, though from the close resemblance of the two impressions we have great difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other.—P. 216.

That is to say, two sensational raps, so to speak, corresponding to the two retinal impressions, are given at the door of the mind, situated in the sensorium, wherever this may happen to be. But the likeness of two impressions does not prove a difficulty to the distinguishing mind, except in the case of corresponding points, for in seeing double we have two precisely similar images, and feel no tendency to confound one with the other. How is this? Here Mr. Wyld calls in the aid of his physical cause. He assumes that in the sensorium the two optic nerves mingle their fibres in such a way that the threads connected with any two corresponding points are brought into close juxtaposition. Thus in the case of an object throwing images on corresponding tracts of the two retinae, "the

* *The Physics and Philosophy of the Senses; or, the Mental and the Physical in their Mutual Relations.* By R. S. Wyld, F.R.S.E. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

same portion of the sensory must receive the two impulses, and the object will appear single, because the two retinal images are there superimposed" (p. 225). (The italics are our own.) In other words, the mind now encounters a difficulty in distinguishing the two raps made at its door, not because they are so exactly alike, but because they are made on precisely the same spot of this door. Mr. Wyld does not of course suppose that the fibres leading from any two corresponding points actually coalesce—facts are too patently opposed to this—but he conceives that the mind is spread out through the "sensory" in such a way that similar impressions arriving in any one locality are pretty sure to be mixed up. It is really painful to pick out flaws in such a pretty and ingenious theory as this, yet we must not shrink from the task. First of all then, while there are facts, such as the increased brightness of a white surface seen with both eyes, which appear at first to lend support to this theory, other facts are entirely opposed to it. Thus the simple experience that in looking at an object first with one eye then with the other we have two similar impressions on corresponding parts of the retina, and yet feel these two to be distinctly unlike; and, further, the phenomena of stereoscopic vision which prove that two colours projected on corresponding points are always seen to be distinct impressions, go to show that, even supposing that the fibres commingle in the central region as Mr. Wyld assumes, the messages conveyed by the two sets are capable of being received in perfect integrity. In the second place, Mr. Wyld's theory rests on a wholly mistaken view of the nature of the mind, and seems indeed to regard it as actually extended through the central regions. To suppose that the neural processes propagated along two fibres must affect consciousness in a similar manner just because these fibres have a certain local proximity, is to attribute to the mind some of the qualities of extended matter. And this Mr. Wyld certainly does when he speaks of the mind receiving the two images superimposed. In reality, the mind is wholly unaware of the local arrangements of the "sensory" as well as of the conducting fibres. All that we are conscious of is the local order of the sensations occasioned by the stimulation of the several fibres, and the only requisite for this is that the feeling belonging to every distinct fibre or simple fascicle of fibres should be itself distinguishable. The conditions which determine the coalescence of two impressions in single vision are clearly the order of our daily experience. Any two impressions, even heterogeneous ones, which are habitually experienced together tend to blend into one inseparable impression. Of course this blending involves the formation of nervous connexions in the cerebral centres; but this is a very different thing from mere proximity of the conducting fibres on entering the sensorium. Further, it must be remembered that single vision, like all other vision, is something more than a sensation—namely, a sensation plus an interpretation. Singleness of vision means seeing but one object, and takes place, as might be expected, exactly in those circumstances in which experience has taught us to infer the existence of a single object.

A writer who can so easily mistake a semblance of scientific explanation for its reality is hardly likely to be very trustworthy in his philosophical conclusions. Mr. Wyld tells us at the outset that it is his object to establish the existence of an immaterial and spiritual element in nature. It may be possible to do this, but it certainly will not be done by Mr. Wyld's style of reasoning. It is easy to urge metaphysical objections against brain movements being the cause of something so unlike themselves as sensation and thought; and it is still more easy to moralize grandiloquently on the demeaning aspects of the belief that it is solely "this small mass of soft pulpy granular matter" that constitutes man—as if any one ever seriously held such an absurd contradiction of fact—and to expatiate on the elevating influence of the conception of a spiritual principle in nature. But we fear that this kind of rhetoric has lost its argumentative force. The doctrine of an all-sustaining spiritual force must be proved, not by outbursts of the lower order of pulpit sentiment, but by a calm comprehensive view of all the facts, and by a careful and exhaustive examination of their significance.

There is an easy, rambling style in Mr. Wyld's book which, if it does not add to its force, certainly redeems it from oppressiveness. The author has a singular faculty for moralizing. Thus, for example, in discussing the subject of the palate and taste (Chap. xxi.), he undertakes to vindicate this much-abused sense from the charge of being a low animal ingredient in the organism. He finds in it a certain dignity as holding "the custodianship of the animal wants," and adds some curious speculations on the social and political advantages of a moderate indulgence in the pleasures of taste at the convivial gathering and public dinner. As to the language of the book, it is quite in keeping with the popular and rather slipshod methods of reasoning adopted. At places it becomes rather too familiar, and even provincial, as in such expressions as "a one," "slump," &c. We dare say Mr. Wyld's book will prove agreeable reading to a certain order of minds, with firmly-established beliefs, and not critical as to exactness of thought; but it cannot lay claim to any properly scientific or philosophical character.

POPULAR TALES OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

PROPOSALS have been made of late at various times to found among us a "Folklore Society," either as an independent in-

* *Contes populaires de la Grande-Bretagne.* Par LÉOY BRUEYRE. Paris: Hachette & Co. 1875.

stitution or as a section of one of our Anthropological Societies. One of its principal aims would of course be the systematic collection, examination, and preservation of those relics of popular tradition which still exist among our common people, in spite of the onward march of education, or which lie scattered about the wide field of our literature, sometimes in isolated fragments, sometimes in heaps of various dimensions. In other countries much has already been done with a like purpose, the work being often encouraged by the aid of learned Societies or even the patronage of Government; but among ourselves the task has been mainly left to the unassisted hands of such enthusiasts as were willing to devote their time to making local collections. Some of these collections are, it is true, excellent—Mr. J. F. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, for instance, being in its way a model book; but no English work has as yet appeared which gives at all a satisfactory account of the whole mass of either the songs or the stories now or formerly current among the peasantry of our islands, or which attempts to codify the various and often conflicting laws in force among the fairy population of the United Kingdom.

The volume now before us, the work of a foreign scholar who is evidently quite conversant with our language and literature, is a very creditable attempt to supply the deficiency to some extent, so far as our popular tales are concerned, or at least to convey some idea of the various works, many of them but little known to the general reader, which have been devoted to different branches of the subject. The first of the three parts into which it is divided deals with tales "of Aryan origin," and "relative to the heroes of Ossian," drawn almost exclusively from the Scotch and Irish collections of Campbell, Chambers, and Kennedy, England supplying little more than the stories of "Tom Thumb," "Jack the Giant Killer," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." The second part, under the general title of "Fairy Tales," deals with stories relating to spirits haunting woods, fields, hills, and waters, to such familiar and domestic sprites as Brownies, Banshees, and the like, and to visitors from the world of ghosts. For the contents of this part, as well as of the third, which is devoted to historical, religious, and local legends, M. Brueyre is chiefly indebted, in addition to the collections already mentioned, to those of Waldron, Ritson, Halliwell, Croker, Keightley, Hunt, Henderson, and a few others. In all he has quoted a hundred tales, besides variants, but many of them are given in an abridged form. To many of the stories notes are appended, in which they are compared with kindred tales from other lands, and in some cases an attempt is made to explain their hidden meaning. To the whole is prefixed an introduction, testifying to a wide range of reading, in which M. Brueyre deals with the subject of popular mythology in general, and that known to our own islands in particular.

M. Brueyre belongs to the school of critics who not only attribute to popular tales a very high antiquity, but admit them as evidence bearing upon the early history and pristine religion of the peoples among whom they are current. Whether we consider, he says, the migrations of the Aryans from the high tablelands of Asia to the extremities of Gaul, the invasions of the Visigoths in Provence and in Spain, or the conquests of the Normans in England, France, or Sicily, the tales which these peoples have sown on their way are for us the white pebbles of Hop-o-my-Thumb which enable us to recognize the traces of their passage. Of the arguments in favour of the foreign origin of the kindred stories familiar to the peasants of different parts of Europe he disposes in a very few words. For, even if inclined to admit that the educated classes in the middle ages were brought under the influence of Oriental fiction, he will not allow that the unlettered masses were to any extent affected by it, much less that their minds were so impregnated by it as to keep its memory alive for the amusement of their winter evenings as well among the mountains of Scotland as on the steppes of Russia or the plains of Brittany. No creations of literary fiction ever sink down in our days, he says, from the upper to the lower strata of society. No French or German peasant is acquainted with the tales of Nodier or Hoffmann; the adventures of Gulliver are not familiar to the Irish bogtrotter. And therefore the mediæval literary origin of popular tales must be set aside as a delusion, and the majority of the stories which are familiar to all the Indo-European peoples must be considered as "those which their ancestors possessed in common when they lived in Bactriana."

There can be no doubt that it is very difficult to account for the spread of those stories which the common people of so many lands have preserved in their memories, but the hypothesis that many of them were introduced into Europe at a comparatively modern period cannot be so easily disposed of. It is quite true that such tales as Hoffmann wrote are for the most part unsuited to the taste of the cottage; but that it is possible for a story to pass from print to oral tradition is proved by the existence in thousands of memories of the French version of Cinderella. Long ago a folk-tale, it is still told in the East of Europe in its old barbaric form; but among ourselves it almost always assumes the civilized shape given to it by Perrault, easily to be recognized by the fortunate error by which the slipper of *vair*, or fur, was turned into one of *verre*, or glass. But it is not necessary to suppose that, because a tale is of foreign origin, therefore it must have been introduced by means of literature. There has always existed among unlettered peoples a class of professional story-tellers, and they have naturally been ever on the look-out for additions to their stock in trade, so that a new importation might readily be passed on from mouth to mouth, and become deeply rooted in the popular memory, without ever being manipulated by the copyist or the printer. The

legend of the life of Buddha, for instance, has been found current as a popular tale among some of the wild dwellers of Turkish extraction in South Siberia; preserved by oral tradition, no doubt, and linked with its Indian original only by a chain of story-tellers.

The principal danger involved in an unhesitating belief in the original "Bactrian" existence of our nursery tales is that of laying too much stress upon the evidence they are supposed to yield with reference to the moral and religious ideas of our remote ancestors. What M. Brueyre terms "mythic" or "Aryan" tales may really be expansions of venerable myths, but their importance varies greatly with the original home assigned to those myths, with the conflicting views which fix the region of their at least partial development in India or in Central Asia. Classifying the episodes which compose these mythic tales, and which "are themselves myths," M. Brueyre reduces their number to eighty. These he regards as symbols of the partial phenomena which compose the general action represented by the tales, those tales being illustrations of the laws in accordance with which the great forces of nature are exerted. This may really be the case, and at all events it is easy, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, to make the evidence brought forward square with the desired verdict; but it is extremely perilous to assume that a standpoint is secure, and thence to leap undoubtingly to a remote conclusion. The only safe method of dealing with these tales is, first to trace each one to its earliest obtainable form, and then to begin to investigate its hidden meaning. Thus the stories of "Tom Thumb," "Jack the Giant Killer," and "Jack and the Beanstalk," with which M. Brueyre commences his collection, evidently owe their present forms to literary workmanship, and require to be greatly pruned before they can be credited with a mythical nature. It is indeed to the excellent collection of West Highland tales made by Mr. Campbell that M. Brueyre is principally indebted for such stories as can fairly put forward a claim to be considered genuinely popular and antique. But even into them a large mixture of foreign ingredients has entered. The story of "The Sea Maiden," which M. Brueyre quotes, is full of incidents which seem to be alien to ancient Celtic manners and mythology, so far as we are acquainted with them; while they bear a suspicious resemblance to passages in stories current towards the East, which are not out of keeping with the traditions and religious beliefs of the races among whom they are told. In one of the variants of "The Sea Maiden" (Campbell, i., 101), a lion is introduced, which appears to be surprised at finding itself on the western shores of Scotland, for it asks its companion, a rat, "What, lad, is thy notion of myself being in such a place as this?" Whereupon the rat sensibly replies, "Well, I have no notion, but that it is not there the like of you ought to be, but about the banks of rivers." If the story were gifted with self-consciousness, and could express its feelings in words, it is probable that it would give utterance to a similar feeling of surprise at finding itself in so chilly and moist a climate.

In the same way another of the West Highland tales, quoted by M. Brueyre in the division of "Contes rappelant des événements historiques locaux," has about it a foreign, if not a decidedly Eastern, air. There were once two brothers in one farm, and each had a son; "and one of the brothers died, and he left his brother guardian." The orphan boy grew up, and at length went wandering about the world in search of a beautiful maiden of whom he had dreamed. After some time he found her, in the person of the daughter of "the Bailie of London," and soon won her heart. Hearing from her that "it is the law of this country that no one must be married unless the Bailie himself gives her by the hand to her bridegroom," he contrives to receive his sweetheart, under a disguise, from that confiding magistrate. He had previously gained the Bailie's good will by the acuteness he had shown in discoursing in enigmatical language with "a Sassanach gentleman" whom he met by the way. The story is manifestly incoherent. The opening about the two brothers, and the death of one of them, has no bearing on the subsequent action; the "Bailie of London" has neither historical nor local significance; and the enigmas by which the lad gains grace in the eyes of his father-in-law are dragged into the story in an unartistic manner. But if we go eastwards, though not out of Europe, we find a version of the same story, the opening of which accounts to a great extent for its leading incidents, and in which probability is not set too openly at defiance. It forms No. 49 of the Fifth Part of Afanasief's collection of "Russian Popular Tales." There were once two rich merchants, it says. One lived in Moscow and the other in Kief. They also were great friends, and a son being born to the one and a daughter to the other at the same time, the infants were mutually betrothed. After this the merchants lost sight of each other for eighteen years, and the father of the girl, not knowing what had become of her betrothed, promised her hand to a certain colonel. Just at that time the other merchant sent his son to Moscow, in reality to look after his betrothed, but under the pretence of seeking a snare for a duck which the father had set there eighteen years before. On the way the lad met the colonel, and discoursed with him in enigmatical language, which the colonel repeated to his betrothed. She at once recognized in the travelling riddler the youth to whom she was bound by the compact made at her birth, and insisted on faith being kept with him. So the colonel was discarded. The Russian story is probably a mere echo from some region further east, for the opening incident is more in keeping with Asiatic than with European customs. But its different parts hang well together, and form a not improbable whole,

whereas the Gaelic story is as incoherent as it is unreasonable. During its travels westwards the tale probably became corrupted, the betrothal of the children, the most important of its incidents, that on which all the others hinge, being forgotten in a land to which such formal betrothals as that described in the Russian *Skazka* are unfamiliar, and the enigma by which the Russian youth was enabled to obtain the recognition of his identity becoming degraded into a purposeless though fortunate exercise of intellectual ingenuity. "Go to Moscow," says the Kief father to his son. "There is a lake; by that lake, eighteen years ago, I set a snare. If a duck is caught in that snare, take the bird; but if there is no duck, bring back the snare." For it had been stipulated in the betrothal contract that, if the girl died, her father was to pay back a sum of money deposited as a surety by the father of the boy. This enigma takes the following form in the Gaelic story:—"When I was last there [*i.e.* in London] I set a net in a street, and I am going to see if it is as I left it. If it is, well, I will take it with me; if not, I will leave it," and its sole effect is to impress favourably the mind of the Bailie, who explains to the "Sassanach gentleman" what his enigmatical travelling companion meant. "He has left a girl in this town, and he is come to see if she is in the same mind as she was when he left her; if so, he will take her with him; if not, he will leave her; he has set a net." In Radloff's *Proben der Volksliteratur der türkischen Stämme Süd-Sibiriens* the story of the lovers betrothed in infancy and afterwards parted occurs twice (Vol. iv. pp. 13 and 340), the parting being brought about by misfortunes which befall the boy's family, but in each case it forms an introduction only to a wild story of adventure.

With regard to the origin of popular tales opinions will probably long continue to differ. But there can only be one opinion as to the industry and earnestness with which M. Brueyre has devoted himself to the task of making his compatriots acquainted with the tales of our islands and of elucidating those which he has selected for the purpose. Nor is it only to Continental scholars that his work is calculated to prove useful; for it is likely to convey a great amount of new information to the majority of English readers, and deserves to be cordially welcomed even by those among them who have made the tales with which it deals the subject of special research.

THE SECOND WIFE.*

A TRANSLATED novel is apt to excite expectations which are more likely than not to end in disappointment. The very fact of singling it out for translation assumes a decided pre-eminence of merit which will enable it to overcome the inevitable drawbacks of its foreign air and unfamiliar tone. For we understand it to be acknowledged in the publishing world that our novel-reading public show a marked predilection for scenes that are laid at home, and situations which they can easily conceive on the strength of their every-day experiences. Murders, bigamies, &c., are matters of course. These are founded on patent scandals, or freely coloured from sensational criminal trials. Pictures of English high life may strike the initiated as gross caricatures, but to the assiduous student of contemporary fiction they may be more or less in accordance with his traditional ideals. It is certain that at home he does not show himself over-exacting. But his mood changes if you ask him to cross the Channel and constrain him to mix in company with which he has little in common. Nothing much short of an exercise of real literary genius is likely to overcome his deep-seated prejudices. He finds himself literally abroad in a world of unfamiliar customs and feelings. The outlandish names repel his sympathies; the sorrows of a Hortense, a Gretchen, or a Lucrezia, suggest to him stage sentiment rather than reality, and his languid interest is scarcely to be wrought upon even by the exciting promise of the most tragic *dénouement*. Now this *Second Wife* is decidedly a clever book, yet we doubt whether it is quite clever enough to make its way with English readers. Its faults are at least as conspicuous as its merits, and it may be one of its merits that it is excessively German in its conception as well as in its cast of thought. Its plot is somewhat loosely put together; the incidents on which its sensational interest depends are far-fetched, and more than improbable, while the various characters are delineated with very unequal power. The hero, with his superb physique, his lively fancy, his powerful intellect, and his great gifts of fascination, is depicted as the petted child of fortune, so we are willing to allow him considerable license. But his sharp changes of manner and his rough pettishness of speech are too brusque to be natural; as soon as he shows a sign of his better nature, we feel certain that there will be a sudden and brutal reaction; and as we foresee from the beginning how his education must end, those methodical oscillations in his moods become both monotonous and provoking. The noble lady whose jealousy he provokes, and who has had the greatest share in spoiling him, is strangely forgetful of the dignity of her sex and rank, and betrays her irritated feelings with coarse and foolish frankness. There is an old Hofmarschall too, a veteran courtier who, we should have imagined, might have learned some artificial self-restraint, and the decent practice of civil hypocrisy; but he shows his meanness and vents his spite with a candour at least as remarkable as that of his jealous mistress.

* *The Second Wife*. From the German of C. Marlitt. By Annie Wood, Translator of "Elvira," "Lady Casterton," &c. London: Bentley & Son. 1875.

On the other hand, however, we can congratulate the author on being highly successful in his heroine, who stands out the central figure in the story, and on whom he has evidently concentrated his care. To the English reader familiar with the writings of Miss Braddon and the mannerisms of the mistresses of the sensational school, there is something ominous in the luxuriant masses of magnificent hair which might be mistaken by envy for red, but which admiration pronounces to be golden. But Juliane Countess von Trachenberg does not turn out to be a domestic fiend, but quite the reverse. She becomes the good angel of her husband and his household, and makes that most disagreeable gentleman her devoted slave by a very natural process of winning his regard and affection. Some of the scenes of their post-nuptial love-making are described very prettily indeed, as the volatile husband gradually grows alive to the half-hidden attractions of the neglected wife; while their respective pride takes alarm alternately, deferring the reconciliation which is clearly inevitable.

The scene of the *Second Wife* is laid in a small German principality. The young Baron Mainau goes seeking a second bride to the dilapidated old Stammschloss of the ancient family of the Von Trachenbergs. The marriage is a matter of contract, and he makes no pretences of affection. He addresses his overtures to the maternal Von Trachenberg, a shallow and heartless woman of the world, embittered by the family ruin which her extravagances have precipitated. The Countess is ready enough to welcome a rich and fashionable son-in-law. She bids her second daughter accept the offer, and Juliane is dutiful enough to make no objection. Juliane has been taught that *noblesse oblige*; in her own way she is as deeply imbued with family pride as her mother, and she knows that from time immemorial the hands of the daughters of her house have been held absolutely at the disposal of their parents. The ceremony comes off under these most inauspicious circumstances. Never apparently was there a worse assorted pair. Hitherto Juliane has led the least eventful of lives, fondly attached to a brother and sister of cultivated tastes as simple as her own. They have been used to all sorts of economies and privations, and have endeavoured to eke out their scanty means by painting, herborizing, and similar occupations. Mainau, on the other hand, has habituated himself to every indulgence. He has led a dissipated life, and has prided himself on a succession of *bonnes fortunes*, whose trophies he parades with the worst taste in the world in a bachelor museum which he throws open to acquaintances of both sexes. The reason he avows for marrying a second time is the desire to give his boy a stepmother and his home a mistress during the long absences in foreign countries in which he delights. No doubt this partly influences him, but the real cause of his forming the connexion is pique. He had been attached, if not engaged, to the Grand Duchess in her maidenhood. The ambitious beauty chose to throw him over for the Grand Duke, and he has never forgiven her the injury. Now the Grand Duchess is a widow, and has come back to her old lover, so the proud Mainau sees his opportunity. He leads her on caressingly, till she fancies he is again at her feet; then, all of a sudden, he announces to her, in face of her Court circle, his approaching marriage with the young Countess von Trachenberg. We are left to suppose that, although he is resolved to punish the Duchess, he is still conscious of a lingering passion for her. It may be imagined that he has not prepared a bed of roses for his bride, even had she been the impassive and unideal country girl he had imagined he was marrying. But in reality Juliane is no ordinary woman. She has a strong will, indomitable family pride and self-respect, keen perceptions, and quick sensibilities. Besides all these, she has treasures of love at her disposal, as rich and abundant as those golden locks of hers, and in the depths of her heart is a positive yearning for affection. If she had been tolerably comfortable in her new home, or if Mainau had been as heartless and repulsive as he seemed at first, she might possibly have reconciled herself to her unsatisfactory lot. But both her pride and her slumbering passions are disturbed from the first, while she soon gets scent of a family mystery, which she feels it due to the family honour to fathom. The old Hofmarschall, who keeps house with his nephew, misses no occasion of outraging her feelings, and indeed his insults are inconceivably gross. The family priest, who is also the Court chaplain, persecutes her with his unholly attentions. Her husband proves to be made up of contradictions, and although he provokes her resentment by his cold and selfish behaviour, yet he begins to interest her feelings in spite of herself. Then she and his little boy fall in love with each other at first sight, and besides there is that family secret of a Hindu lady, the so-called mistress of a former Lord of the Castle, whose only son she has reason to suspect has legal claims which the family ignore.

It will be seen that the author has provided ample material for a series of exciting and graceful situations, and on the whole he has turned his materials to good purpose. The blemish of the workmanship is in its want of finish, and the story suffers from lack of continuity. Baron Mainau provokes us as much as he provoked his wife. Her eyes may be blinded by her prepossessions and natural resentment; but we, who have been looking on dispassionately, see exactly what the man means, and are irritated when time after time he perversely says and does the wrong thing at the wrong moment in the most unnatural way. An incident or two of the kind may be well enough, and may pass current under the pretext of promoting the legitimate suspense. But when all suspense is really at an end, the Baron's coarse incivilities become artistically objectionable, and they are inconsistent be-

sides with his real disposition. For he proves to be, after all, a noble nature, and a gentleman at heart; he should be incapable of cruelty to an unprotected woman who has the strongest claims on his chivalry, and who has never given him reasonable offence; while already he is cherishing kindly feelings for her, if he has not actually acknowledged himself to be in love. All this is the violent action of a melodrama and by no means in keeping with the graceful *dénouement* of the troubled love-making of their wedded lives. For at last, of course, the tardy explanation comes, when the wife's cup of misery seemed filled to overflowing. Her husband's importunities win from her the whispered "Yes," when he breathes a request that she will forgive him and be content to stay in his home; he takes her to his arms, and they live happily ever afterwards.

As a German tale, this story has necessarily a good deal that is fresh and interesting in the accessories. The glimpses of the life of the Von Trachenbergs in their rambling old château; the contrast of faded magnificence with ill-concealed privations; the effects of these contrasts on the temper and character of the high-born mistress, represent very faithfully the interior and trying experiences of many a noble German household. Luxurious establishments like those of the Barons Mainau are, we fear, to be met with much less frequently. The routine of the petty Court is given even more in outline than the life of the Trachenbergs, and in the former the author has missed an opportunity, if he were in a position to describe it from personal knowledge. He is overfond of quitting the probable and actual for the fanciful. As he was melodramatic in detailing the development of the happier relations between the wife and the husband, so he is melodramatic again in depicting the "Vale of Cashmere," with its Indian inmate, its tropical vegetation, and its troops of monkeys chattering in the trees. It may be a question whether the story will repay translating, but we can at least say that it is far more clever and original than the great majority of our native novels.

THE ANCIENT WORLD.*

WE take Mr. Barton's book along with the three volumes belonging to the Christian Knowledge Society's Series of *Ancient History from the Monuments* only because it happens to go over the same ground. To speak candidly, we have read it with a feeling of pure amazement. If Mr. Barton's pages have any value whatever, the results of historical criticism for the last fifty years go for nothing, and history itself must be given up as a field for guesswork, whether ingenious or dull, in which the mind can have no better exercise than that of patching together a number of statements made plausible by stripping away their context. Mr. Barton admits that the matters with which he had to deal are by no means free from serious difficulties. Traditions, originally uncertain, have been, he allows, mutilated by time or disfigured by poets and rhetoricians:—

The series of information for all the past may not admit of being completed; we cannot expect to be able to lay before the world the annals of the primitive ages in their integrity. But the main features of their history can still be rendered clear enough for all useful purposes by a little exertion; the obscurity now resting on them can be dissipated; the fictions within which they are enshrouded can be removed; and any service thus rendered to the cause of truth ought to be of some use to mankind.

Unquestionably, if these promises can be fulfilled, the service done to the cause of historical truth would be very great indeed; and if the work involves only a little exertion, it becomes a matter of regret that the historians who during the present century have handled these old traditions should have given up the task as beyond their powers. It is but fair to test Mr. Barton's promises by his performance; and we shall make no excuse for doing so on the more familiar ground of the Greek and Roman narratives. The mysteries of Chinese history may be matters too hard for us to meddle with; but when we are told that "Greece is so called from Græcus, the father of Thessalus, who gave his name to Thessaly," we may note that, according to Aristotle and Stephanos of Byzantium, Græcus or Graikos, was the son of Thessalos, and not his father, and that, if either be a fact, the latter is the more likely statement of the two. But it would be only fair to warn the reader that, if he takes this step at starting, he must submit himself without questioning to Mr. Barton's guidance. He must not ask whether the Hellenes called their own country Greece, or whether it was so called by others, or whether we have any better reason for believing in Græcus and Thessalus than for believing in the Chimæra, or Pegasus, Empousa or Hippalektryon. He must not suggest that people generally have been known to their neighbours by a name different to that which they use for themselves, and that possibly the fact may be accounted for on grounds which would upset our faith in Thessalus and Græcus and such-like folk altogether. Certain it is that if a man can make up his mind to follow Mr. Barton he will learn some strange things and meet with old friends in new dresses. He will learn that Greece

* *The Ancient World*. By J. A. G. Barton. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

Ancient History from the Monuments.

(I.) *Egypt, from the Earliest Times to B.C. 300*. By S. Birch, LL.D., &c. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

(II.) *Assyria, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of Nineveh*. By George Smith.

(III.) *Persia, from the Earliest Period to the Arab Conquest*. By W. S. W. Vaux, M.A., F.R.S.

is divided into two parts, "the northern of which is attached to the continent, while the southern forms a peninsula by itself, the connecting link between them being a slip of land known as the Isthmus of Corinth." He may think that the southern as well as the northern part is attached to the continent, and that it seems odd to say that "in the north of the country are the Cambanian mountains, while the rest of it is sprinkled throughout with crags and hills." The sprinkling is made up by the mighty chains of Pindos, Oita, and Othrys on the one side, of Pelion, Ossa, and Olympos on the other, to say nothing of the enormous ranges and masses which are lumped together in Etolia and Arkadia.

But as we have no intention of taking Mr. Barton as our guide, we will say plainly that he misleads his readers when he tells them that "this country was anciently constituted by the federation of a number of small States," and that among "the principal of these States" was Macedonia; and that it is just as reasonable to begin English or British history with the landing of Brute the Trojan, and trace it through the times of Bladud, or Lear, or any others, as to tell us that Danaus "fled from Egypt after having vainly conspired there against his brother Sesostrius, and landed in Greece B.C. 1474"; that "the total number of kings in Athens was seventeen," and that "the fourth, Erichthonius, the son of Vulcan, is said to have been the inventor of coaches." We might think that the presence of Erichthonius was much needed in England in the days of the Plantagenets; but we must protest seriously against the statement that the ninth king, "Ægeus, had a son by his own daughter Æthia (*sic*), who was named Theseus." Much has been said about the immorality of Greek and other myths; but here the immorality is a gratuitous imputation. Of course this comes of taking old stories and keeping such parts as we please and throwing the rest aside. Thus Gyges becomes the paramour of the wife of Kandaules, which, according to the tale in Herodotus, he seemingly was not; and Mr. Barton also adopts the rationalistic version suggested by Livy, that Rhea Silvia was "waylaid by one of her lovers, and to give her disgrace a less offensive character, boldly affirmed that the god Mars was the father of her offspring." The character of Acca Laurentia is blackened after the same fashion. But it would be tedious, and is scarcely necessary, to cull more specimens of Mr. Barton's historical method. The laws of Draco are, as we might expect, asserted to have become inoperative from their excessive severity, although, if the accounts given of his code be true, his classification of homicides in order to avoid the infliction of the one penalty of death for all was distinctly a step in the way of lenity. The husks eaten by the prodigal son must have been more nutritious for the body than is Mr. Barton's fare for the mind; at least we must be easily contented if, after noticing other versions of the old Roman story, "we may take it for granted that the colony was established by Romulus in B.C. 753, and that his brother Remus was killed by him at the same time, out of jealousy, both having aspired to the honour of governing the new State."

From this tissue of blunder and fiction it is a relief to turn to the volumes belonging to the series of the Christian Knowledge Society. From these the reader will learn much, and if he can satisfy himself that the methods of Egyptologists and Assyriologists are trustworthy, he will have little or nothing to complain of. The position of the historian who deals with the traditions of the Western world is, it would seem, vastly different from that of the explorer who has to gather his story from the monuments of Assyria, Persia, and Egypt; but there can be no doubt that a real agreement between the two is impossible so long as each is guided by different canons of evidence. The latter apparently feels quite at his ease while he pieces together his narratives from monumental inscriptions which yield no trustworthy chronology, or from such lists as those of Berosus and Manetho, inserting as statements of fact inferences gathered from a supposed synchronism of Western with Eastern or Southern kings and rulers. The former must shrink from such a process as he would from an invitation to trust himself to quicksands. The working of this method is notably shown in Mr. Birch's account of the Egyptian dodekarchy and Psammetichus. "The powerful and wealthy kingdom of Lydia," he asserts, was at this time "ruled by Gyges"; but this is a point to be proved, not less than the statement that the Lydian king was "the head of the Greek confederacy on the Western coast of Asia Minor." There is nothing whatever in Herodotus to warrant this belief; and when in Herodotus and Eusebius we have two conflicting chronologies of the Meriad dynasty, it is not easy to see how we can be justified in asserting that "Gyges sent a contingent of Greeks, principally Carians and Ionians, to aid the Egyptians."

As we traverse such regions, we are much at the mercy of our leader. For those who know nothing of Pinakhi or of Bokchoris (beyond the wonderful record in the lists of Manetho, which we are now told must be referred "to some mythological event"), it is perplexing to learn that,

although it is usual to consider that the invasion of Pinakhi preceded the reign of Bokchoris, some doubts are thrown on the actual period of the invasion, by the fact that the names of many of the monarchs and governors of cities reappear in the Assyrian annals of Assurbanipal at a later date, and that it is within the verge of probability that Pinakhi might have preceded Sabaco and not Bokchoris.

So, where the tablets of the Serapeum throw no light on the reigns of Psennut and Zet, we are bidden to believe that they were local contemporaries of some other dynasty; in other words, Egyptology is not yet able to dispense with the bed of Procrustes which Bunsen used with serene satisfaction to establish somewhat different conclusions. If, again, in the volume on Assyria, the

monarchs whose names and order in the Manual of M. Lenormant differ widely from those given by Mr. Rawlinson in his *Ancient Monarchies* (*Saturday Review*, November 19, 1870) appear in yet another guise, we must still be patient. The phonetic equivalents of cuneiform letters seem to be by no means exactly determined, and thus the sovereign who began by being Ivalush, and became afterwards Hulikkhus, Binlikhish, and Binnirari, now appears in Mr. Smith's list as Vulnirari. The dates, too, have been in almost all cases shifted by ten or twenty years with the later kings. For the earlier monarchs we can but say that from 1650 to 1550 Mr. Rawlinson gives us Aashur-bel-nisai, Buzur Asahur, and Aashur Vatala; in Mr. Smith's table for this period we find Adasi, Belbani, Assur-zakir-esir, Ninip-tugul-assuri, Iriba-vul, Assur-nadin-ahi. These changes or discoveries warn us to move cautiously. We certainly do not know what a day or a year may bring forth in this field of research, but we can scarcely say that much flesh has as yet gathered round the dry bones of Assyrian history. Nor is it the least perplexing circumstance connected with the attempts to trace the fortunes of those ancient kings or peoples, that so little count is taken of the most important facts when we really come to the times of contemporary narratives. No one would suppose from Mr. Vaux's volume that the power of Persia was held in check, the Ægean swept clear of Persian ships, and the Asiatic Hellenes freed from all payment of tribute for three generations, solely by the establishment of the Athenian confederacy and empire. Indeed this empire is nowhere mentioned in his volume, although a very real injustice is done to the younger Cyrus at Kunaxa. It is quite contrary to the evidence of Xenophon, our only real authority in the matter, to say that Cyrus was wholly ignorant of military tactics, that he did little more than arrest the confusion into which his army was thrown on hearing that Artaxerxes was close at hand, and that the battle ended in a complete defeat. It might with more fairness be said that the only calamity was the death of Cyrus himself, this being due to the feeling of ungovernable rage at the sight of his brother; that the Greeks were completely victorious, and owed their safety simply to this fact; and that up to the moment when Cyrus rushed upon the King everything was going just as he and his Greek generals could desire. When the history which we receive from contemporary writers and even from eyewitnesses is given in this form, we must be forgiven if we feel less confidence when Mr. Vaux treats the story of the taking of Babylon by Cyrus as one involving little or no difficulty, and represents the Sæthian campaign of Darius not merely as a reality, but as a splendid success. The field of Eastern historical research has certainly a treacherous appearance to those who are accustomed to the firmer soil of the West.

A STUDY OF HAMLET.

MR. MARSHALL'S preface informs his readers that the greater portion of the first and second parts of his work formed the matter of some lectures which he delivered before the Catholic Young Men's Association. Some such explanation is necessary to account for the rapid pieces of moral advice which are incongruously mixed up with a praiseworthy attempt to consider a great work with reverence and labour. "If your duties be distasteful, even repulsive to you, so long as they are your duties, fulfil them as perfectly and as cheerfully as you can," says Mr. Marshall, in the fifth page of his *Study of Hamlet*—a noble sentiment doubtless, which we may hope the Catholic Young Men, especially "the younger amongst them," to whom it seems to have been chiefly addressed, paid due attention. But, as Mr. Marshall's present production is apparently intended for a wider circle than that of the Catholic Young Men, he would have done well to consider whether his readers could derive much pleasure or profit from paraphrases of copy-book sentences, shredded in, to use the expression of Æschylus's sentinel, among reflections upon *Hamlet*. The trouble necessary to alter the form of a lecture delivered to a particular audience so as to fit it more for an ordinary reader would not have been great, and would certainly not have been wasted. Another trick which disfigures the writer's performance is that of making of the poet's words a peg whereon to hang his own political views, which have the merit of being decided, and consist mainly of a hatred for Prussia:—

If I were asked to mention the best criticism, on the whole, which has been written on Shakespeare, I am afraid I should have to give you no English name, but that of a German, Schlegel. This is something humiliating to our national vanity; but I do not think we need fear, now Germany has been swallowed up in Prussia, that Schlegel, any more than Goethe and Schiller, will find any successor. A nation which allows itself to be turned into one large barrack must be content with so glorious an achievement; it can well afford to leave more humanizing studies to those who have the leisure to follow them.

Again, when descanting with some propriety upon the character of the Gravedigger, the author chooses to drag in, with the worst possible taste, an anecdote of his personal experience. It is true that he has inserted it in a foot-note instead of in his text; but he would have done far better if he had not inserted it at all.

Mr. Marshall has shown discretion in avoiding the example set by too many commentators of treating Shakespeare's text as if it were a skeleton wrongly put together, the bones of which require rearrangement. He has left aside all such conceits of invention as led one ingenious person to conjecture that Mr. W. H., "the onlie

* *A Study of Hamlet*. By Frank A. Marshall. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

begetter of these insuing sonnets," was Mr. William Himself. It would seem that his object has been to follow and interpret the poet's meaning through the course of the play, illustrating, if possible, those passages which have appeared obscure. And, with the exception of the blemishes of which we have spoken, he has not succeeded ill. "One of my principal objects," he says in his preface, "will have been gained, if I can induce any of my readers to study the text of Shakespeare's plays more carefully, and with a higher aim than mere verbal criticism; they will find that he is himself his best commentator, and that such study will open to them new fields of enjoyment." Whatever may be thought of the means employed to carry out this purpose, the object, it must be admitted, is a good one. Shortly after this passage Mr. Marshall makes some remarks worth attention upon the bad tendency of the long "runs" which threaten to interfere with the artistic success of performances of Shakespeare:—

Acting is an art which cannot be preserved in any perfection, unless the actor has the opportunity of changing, not unfrequently, the character which he represents. If a painter were to spend a year in painting the same subject over and over again, he would lose most of whatever skill he ever possessed; his delicacy of touch would be seriously impaired; his colouring would be apt to grow coarse and careless; while his artistic perception would be diminished, and his power of execution would be worn away by very weariness. Art must have variety, or it pines and becomes cramped.

Of Hamlet's first scene with the Ghost the writer says well:—"Coleridge has expressed in one sentence what seems to me the whole gist of the scene. 'For you may perhaps observe Hamlet's wildness is but half false; he plays that subtle trick of pretending to act only when he is very near really being what he acts.' That this mixture of real and assumed exaltation is the explanation of Hamlet's conduct on many occasions seems to us more than probable; and it is difficult to understand how the critics who contend that Hamlet was really mad can get over the speech of the Prince to his mother at the conclusion of what is called the Closet Scene, when he bids her by no means let the bloated King

Make you to ravel all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft;

and her unquestioning acceptance of what he says as truth:—

Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

From other passages in this scene Mr. Marshall draws a very reasonable conclusion that the Queen was not privy to her first husband's murder:—

Certainly her language in this scene, unless we suppose her to be guilty of almost superhuman hypocrisy, tends most decidedly to acquit her of such a charge; but we have more direct evidence on this point in the 14th scene of the Quarto (1603), no vestige of which is found in the later editions; the Queen speaking of the King to Horatio, says,

Then I perceive there's treason in his looks
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous mindes are always jealous,

and still more strongly in this very scene in the same edition, when the Queen speaks thus, after the disappearance of the ghost,

But as I have a soule, I sweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horrid murder:

A little further, in answer to Hamlet's appeal,

And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,
And in his death, your infamy shall die,

The Queen answers—

Hamlet, I vow by that maiesty,
That knows our thoughts, and looks into our hearts,
I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
What stratagem soe're thou shalt devise.

From these passages, supported as they are by the prose history of Hamlet on which the play was founded, and never contradicted by any passage in the play as afterwards revised by Shakespeare himself, no less than from the character of the Queen as it is developed in the following scenes, we may confidently acquit her alike of guilty knowledge or of wilful ignorance of the vile crime committed by Claudius against his brother's life, though in that against his honour she was the weak and shameless accomplice.

With reference to the scene between Hamlet and his friends who rush in after the Ghost has disappeared, the author makes a somewhat startling assertion. He cannot agree with Coleridge that the speeches of the Ghost "in the cellarage" are nearly indefensible; and so far most people will go with him. But he further says, that they seem "absolutely necessary in order to bring out that feverish anxiety . . . which induces Hamlet to hurry Horatio and Marcellus away from each spot whence the voice seems to come, forgetting that he alone can hear it." The words which we have italicized convey a suggestion which seems to us more new than true. On turning to the note referred to at this point, we find an ingenious but unsound explanation of the lines, the clear meaning of which is that Horatio and Marcellus did hear the Ghost, to make them fit the author's supposition. His reason in the first place for thinking that the spirit's voice did not reach them is that it has never spoken in their presence before, and that on its only appearance afterwards it is heard by Hamlet alone. But then, as the writer admits, it is also seen only by Hamlet. And we cannot think with Mr. Marshall that the mere fact of Hamlet hurrying his companions mysteriously from place to place is enough to account for Horatio exclaiming, "O day and night! but this is wondrous strange!"

The second part of Mr. Marshall's "Study" includes, among other things, a consideration of the theory entertained by some writers

of weight that Ophelia was Hamlet's mistress, which we are disposed with him to call "a monstrous opinion." He shows that Goethe's more modified idea of Ophelia's character yet rests upon no firm basis. Indeed there is one assumption quoted by the writer, contained in the German poet's criticism, which is absolutely unfounded:—"Have we not an intimation from the very beginning of the play of the subject with which the thoughts of the maiden are engaged? She pursues her course in silent secrecy, but without being able wholly to conceal her wishes and her longings." Mr. Marshall's repudiation of this assertion would carry more weight if its language were less inflated, but his denial that there is any ground in Shakespeare's words for Goethe's view seems to us just. He is less happy in his attempt to explain the repulsive speeches of Hamlet to Ophelia before the play, and her reception of them. "Outraged modesty" would have found some stronger expression than the trivial replies of Ophelia to the Prince's gross address. It is a common mistake of commentators to imagine that every passage found in Shakespeare's text was the expression of the poet's deepest thought, and conveyed some meaning of importance to his characters. That it is idle to deduce any theory as to Hamlet's age from the Gravedigger's speech—a potent weapon in the hands of theorists anxious to display their vain ingenuity—Mr. Marshall readily admits. We cannot but think that he had better not have tried to give significance to the passage of which we are now speaking. It is better to attribute such speeches either to mere carelessness in the dramatist, or, as the writer suggests, to a gloss introduced by the players, than to attach a distinct meaning to what must seem, however skilfully explained, a blot on the poet's conception.

Mr. Marshall's dealings with Shakespeare's characters are most satisfactory perhaps in the case of the King and of Laertes. It cannot be doubted that he is right in suggesting that the King should be played, not according to the usual interpretation, as a black-browed melodramatic ruffian, but as a plausible villain, who could assume the virtues of amiability and frank condescension although he had them not. It is evident, too, as the writer points out, that he could successfully affect not only these qualities, but the appearance of a majestic dignity and courage, as is sufficiently shown by the speech addressed to the Queen when Laertes threatens to attack him. That Laertes had not the chivalrous and admirable qualities which a good many people are disposed to assign to him is obvious from the part which he played in the treacherous attack on Hamlet. The analysis of his character by the author of a *Study of Hamlet* goes further than this, however, and may be read with considerable interest. Speaking of Horatio, Mr. Marshall makes a slight slip in saying that in the old history of Saxo Grammaticus there is no parallel to Horatio. This is literally true, but there is in that history a suggestion of Horatio, just as there is of Ophelia; and it seems worth considering whether the figure of the girl in the old story may not account for the inconsistencies in Ophelia's character as she is represented in the play of *Hamlet*. In the old story, for instance, there is nothing astonishing in the girl who is introduced consenting to play the spy upon the Prince; and in the play the incident of Ophelia so doing is valuable, while it is certainly at variance with her nature.

Mr. Marshall's *Study of Hamlet* concludes with an attempt to establish a coincidence between the production of the play and the state of ecclesiastical politics at the time. This, with the other faults of which we have spoken, we could wish removed; the rest of the book may be accepted as a sensible illustration of the poet's meaning, containing but few vagaries, and little that will disturb the reflections of critics.

A MODERN PARRHASIUS.*

WE do not quite see the application of the apocryphal story quoted from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* which is given by the authors at the beginning of their novel. "Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, among those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and, when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better by his example to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint." If this means anything it means cruelty; torture for the sake of art, but still torture. Now Doctor Arden, the "modern Parrhasius," who gives his name to this two-handed book, is not an artist, and he is not exactly cruel. He is introduced to us as a very charming person in manners and appearance; as we learn afterwards, intently looking for a susceptible "medium" who shall possess the Sixth Sense to such a degree as shall make his fortune as a healer, while giving him a victim devoted to him body and soul, he holding "firmly in his mental grasp the gamut of the senses and feelings, with a power of playing upon them in any manner that seems good unto him." For this Sixth Sense is the "power which has been acknowledged by writers in all ages and of all creeds," and has "been respectively (*sic*) called mesmerism, biology, and animal magnetism." His aim in searching for the medium possessed of this sense to such a prominent degree is, however, not ignoble:—

The abolition of at least five-tenths of human suffering lay before me as a radiant gift to be grasped by a hand strong enough to seize, to hold, to wield the healing power.

The knowledge of men's minds to be acquired, the stormy sea of their

* *A Modern Parrhasius*. A Novel. By E. Owens Blackburne and A. A. Clemes. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1875.

passions to be read as a chart is read by the eye of one who knows the paths and byways of the great waters of the earth. The secret locked deep from all eyes—ay, buried in the grave itself, to be laid bare before me!

There was Power unlimited, Power intoxicating, in the bare prospect of that vast dominion whose sceptre lay where my hand could take it, and if nerve and will failed me not might wield with sovereign sway.

For all that I had yet learned, or that had been demonstrated to me through researches in the arena of even the portals of this mighty science, were but shadowy vistas of a glorious future; were but as guide-posts on the royal roads which led to the wondrous land.

A mighty Science, in truth, vast as the created universe, since it links together Time, Eternity, World and Life and Death, and those other created systems whereof man's material intelligence as yet knows nothing save what his immortal intelligence perceives.

Naturally he finds this marvellous agent—else the book would not have been written—the gamut of whose senses and feelings he can grasp and play on at his pleasure. He had expected to discover her in the orthodox form of “a young and unsophisticated mind, a pure and untried soul, a high order of intellect, and these qualities all united with a highly-wrought nervous system in the frail form of one in the frail transition period of youth—a girl in her early maiden years.” He meets with her instead in the person of a certain Adelaide Darrant, a hanger-on kind of woman past thirty, “with faded youth, fading beauty, with less and less foothold each year on the insecure position to which she has struggled with the aid of any odd friendly helping hand; undowered with any lasting possession but her own tireless resolution to cling on to the skirts of society if that scornful dame pushes her from her lap”; a woman, too, who paints, and dyes, and powders, and makes desperate attempts to catch an eligible husband before the light of her youth has quite gone out and the night of hopeless old-maidenism has set in. She is “a woman whose species,” says Doctor Ardern in his section of the autobiographies or monologues in which this book is written, he “had hitherto regarded as deserving of no especial notice beyond a feeling of mingled contempt and compassion.” When he finds, however, that this painted quasi-adventuress is beyond all others rich in the magical Sixth Sense on which he means to trade, his mingled contempt and compassion give place to interest and gratitude. From the first interview he mesmerizes her by secret “will-power,” by books and flowers into which he has liberally poured that same will-power whereby she is to be subdued; and he succeeds. He makes her sleep and wake at his command; at the first trial she is clairvoyante; and soon she obeys his secret unexpressed desires, goes to his house, is kissed, and kisses in return—which did not need magic arts to compass—commits herself before the world; and finally the old play usual in such cases is played out, and she runs away from her friends to put herself under her mesmerizer’s “protection.” But we fail to perceive the same kind of cruelty as that for which poor Parrhasius stands godfather. That he, “the operator,” falls in love with her, “the victim,” and makes her fall in love with him, that he seduces her, abducts her, and keeps her as his mistress in a house not far from his own home, is immoral, and not very probable in some of its details; but it is not cruel in the sense of the fable which stands as the text of the story. To have made the parallel complete, Doctor Ardern should not have loved Adelaide. He should have used her Sixth Sense for his own purposes, careless whether or not she loved him, whether or not her life was wrecked and her happiness destroyed through his playing on the gamut of her senses and feelings. By the fact of his love for her the theory of his cruelty falls to the ground; and of the two, as it turns out, he is almost the more to be pitied, if decidedly the one to be blamed.

But indeed a tale of vulgar seduction scarcely needed the elaborate peg of mesmerism and the Sixth Sense on which to hang its well-known details. “The modern Parrhasius” is only a man like many others, one whose passions are stronger than his honour, and who cannot resist the temptation into which he wilfully plunges himself. Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy*, the *Apology of Apuleius*, Bacon’s aphorism, “A man’s nature is best perceived in Privatenesse, for there is no affectation; in Passion, for that putteth a man out of his Precepts; and in a new Case or Experiment, for there custome leaveth him,” are all unnecessary to the story, if serviceable as giving that false air of erudition which some writers prize beyond art. The whole plot might be summarized in half-a-dozen lines; and there would be found in it neither magic nor madness, and as little need of classic authority as of the Baconian philosophy. For the ending, however, we think a vast deal more authority is needed than is supplied. That one mind can gain entire ascendancy over another in life is a thing of which we are all cognisant; but that one soul can summon another to follow it to the life hereafter is a flight beyond either experience or reason. And this is what Adelaide Darrant does to Doctor Ardern. After the marriage of that worthy with his insipid, exacting, and unpleasant heiress, Adelaide somehow shakes off the mesmeric trammels in which she has been bound. She finds her awakening touch in the tune of “My Pretty Jane,” which a boy whistles as he passes the gate where she stands. Doctor Ardern is away on his wedding trip; and Mrs. Temple, in whose charge the interesting clairvoyante has been left, is hopelessly drunk. Roused to the consciousness of her state and shame by this air of “My Pretty Jane,” Adelaide rifles her tipsy care-taker of her keys and then robs her of her money; walks on to Highgate, from Twickenham where she has been living; goes back to Blandminster, which is Philip Ardern’s home; plunges into the river, but scrambles out again; and then goes to London, where she dies in a poorly furnished house an hour’s drive from St. Paul’s, making her confession to her

friend Elizabeth Henrietta Russell, and summoning, with her last breath, her lover and enchanter to meet her—where? “I hated him with the hate of hell,” she says, as Tennyson’s “Sister” said before her. “The thought of death brings with it no sense of relief to me,” she adds; “for I know my restless spirit will haunt my Destroyer—yes, haunt him and compel him to follow me; as he haunted, enthralled, and compelled me to submit to his will upon earth.” And in effect Doctor Ardern dies that same evening. If we had the hours marked down accurately, we could then calculate the velocity with which a spirit travels from earth to—where?—and back again; failing the exact measurement of time, we fall back on generalities, and say “the same evening”; in the moonlight. The day had been foggy, but the moon, the “bright, cold, wintry moon,” does what the sun could not do, and illumines the room where the dead seducer sits. His manner of death answers to Adelaide Darrant’s assertion and appeal:—

There sits Doctor Ardern, his widely-open eyes starting from their sockets; his glisteningly white, even teeth gleaming, grinning horribly from the drawn, distended lips. His body is bent forward, and his outstretched arms and wide-open hands have all the appearance, of repulsing an advancing foe!

He is dead.

The characters in this book are equal to the story. The strong-minded woman of the plot is Miss Elizabeth Henrietta Russell, spinster, with nine hundred a year; the fool, a hash of Mrs. Nickleby, is a certain Louisa Lecterne, wife of Sylvester Lecterne, a High Church clergyman, who, says Miss Russell, “when he ascends the rostrum placidly drives into platitudinous obliquity.” This Mrs. Lecterne is a wife and mother of that exasperating type of fuss and adoration known best to novelists. The great fact of her life during the progress of the story is the christening of her twin boys, which fact is fringed about with an amount of vulgarity and folly like nothing in nature, and certainly not true to art. The strong-minded spinster, whom Doctor Ardern characterizes as a “strong-willed, courageous woman, a woman of fearless honesty, a woman of quick discernment, a woman whom I should value as a friend—whom I should never take as an accomplice,” and who “possesses all her sex’s faults of blundering, impulsiveness, incapability of head-reasoning, easily touched vanity”—she with all these characteristics is the great friend of shallow, fussy, absurd Mrs. Lecterne, and the two write to each other letters of such inanity and vulgarity as we trust is not usual in the correspondence of ladies. The style of the book is as odd as the rest. Mingled with commonplace colloquialisms are fine words and touches of extra fine grammar. “I have asked if she have noticed it”; and “I wonder if she be quite satisfied in her own mind if she be worthy to be the mother of dear Sylvester’s babes,” harmonize but ill with “Of all the despicable, narrow-minded, gossiping set of women I ever met with, it is to be found in Blandminster”; “figuratively speaking I pat myself on the back”—and this from a very refined lady. We suppose we must let “sphinx-like” pass as a matter of course, but we hope the printer is responsible for “*mauvaise quatre d’heure*.” Altogether, *A Modern Parrhasius* is not a successful instance of joint labour. Vulgarity and fine writing, classic lore, Baconian philosophy, and the Sixth Sense, pressed into the service of a story of commonplace seduction, make up a medley which we can call by no name so appropriate as that of *pot-pourri*. We cannot compliment either of the authors on his or her share in the present novel, and we hope that their next work will be both more rational and less disagreeable, whether it be a joint or a single venture.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE is hardly a nook in the literary field which the enterprise of Messrs. Didot has left unexplored; Greek and Latin classics, history and geography, mediæval lore and contemporary memoirs—all kinds of subjects arrest their attention, and furnish materials for excellent editing. We have now to notice a French poem of the fourteenth century*, published for the first time, with engravings, glossary, &c. It is not too much to say that, from the threefold point of view of history, literature, and archaeology, the *Guerre de Metz* is a work deserving special attention. As an historical monument, it places before us a lively instance of those struggles between the Church and the State on the one side, and the feudal power and the *bourgeoisie* on the other, which constitute the sum and substance of the political history of the middle ages. Viewed as a literary production, it retains, notwithstanding its date, all the *naïveté* and vigour of the epics which immortalized the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The introductory description of Metz is a dainty piece of poetry deserving a prominent position in the choicest anthologies. Finally, it gives us an excellent specimen of the dialect of Lorraine, the one, perhaps, in the whole of France whose characteristics are most sharply defined. M. Bonnardot’s elementary grammar and glossary explain all the difficulties likely to puzzle the reader, and the pictorial illustrations are borrowed from MSS. belonging to the city of Metz.

M. Georges Perrot has long since established his reputation as one of the leading French archaeologists; his exploration of Asia Minor, his treatises on Athenian jurisprudence and eloquence, and his translations of Professor Max Müller’s lectures, are too well

* *La guerre de Metz en 1324, poème du XIV^e siècle. Publié par E. de Bouteiller, etc. Paris: Didot.*

known to need more than a simple mention here. The volume which he now presents to us*, consisting of articles contributed to several periodicals, or of monographs read before the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres, belongs to the same order of studies, and displays the same accurate learning and perspicuity of style. Whilst explaining the nature of the various essays now collected, M. Perrot takes the opportunity of sketching the most noteworthy features of ancient civilization such as it appeared first among the colonies of Asia Minor, and afterwards at Athens. If we know anything about the Egyptians and the Assyrians, we have to thank the Greek colonies and the travellers from Phœnicia; the Cappadocians, Phrygians, and Lydians should not be forgotten amongst the fathers of Hellenic-Italian civilization, and the fact that they have received so little notice from ancient historians should make us especially ready to compensate for so unaccountable a neglect. M. Perrot's researches have been mainly divided between the nations we have just mentioned and Athens; this predilection is evident throughout his new work, and makes it, so to speak, a distinctly Greek production. It is illustrated with engravings representing bronzes, bas-reliefs, frescoes, and other artistic remains, most of which are at present exhibited at the Louvre in Paris.

M. Gaston Boissier's new work† treats of a subject which is not yet very well known; he endeavours to explain what the Opposition really was in the days of Imperial Rome. Speaking generally, no government has ever satisfied an entire community; under the most virtuous and disinterested rulers there will always be dissatisfied persons, and we may safely say that opposition is a necessary incident of every form of government. In some cases the King or the President (if the rule is a republican one) professes to tolerate no criticism, whatever shape it may assume, and makes use of the most violent means to stamp it out. Other rulers, actuated by wiser views, feel that it is impossible to do away with opposition, and prudently resolve to allow its existence. A few privileged countries go further still; they introduce the principle of criticism into the government itself, and thus interest the Opposition in the safety of the machine. Such is the gist of M. Boissier's preface; he then shows that the fault of Imperial Rome was that it adopted the first of these alternatives, and that it made opposition more violent by the very means employed to suppress it. In discussing this topic he begins by telling us where might be found those who kept up and fanned the flame of resistance; he shows how literature was affected by it, and describes the important part played by spies under the Imperial régime. Ovid, in connexion with his exile, Petronius, and finally the great writers who belonged to the opposition coterie, are successively reviewed by our author, who comes to the conclusion that the character of the party they represented was hesitation, doubt, and a total absence of anything like a premeditated and well-defined plan. Those who expressed themselves most bitterly against the Cæsars were rather disappointed men than *bona fide* conspirators.

If our French neighbours do not improve their geographical knowledge, it will certainly not be the fault of M. Reclus. He has just published the first twenty *livraisons* of a *Géographie universelle*‡, which is to extend over ten large octavo volumes, illustrated with two thousand maps and six hundred wood engravings. His aim is to supplement all existing geographical treatises, not to supersede them; he wishes to give us the philosophy of the subject, and for him matters of detail are quite a secondary consideration. The maps so liberally scattered through the work have been designed merely for the purpose of explaining the various phenomena of which he has occasion to speak; they cannot and should not take the place of a good general atlas. M. Reclus starts with an account of the Mediterranean countries—Greece, Turkey, and Italy supplying the materials of the *fasciculi* which have thus far appeared. Here and there political remarks are brought in, naturally suggested by the descriptions of the various nationalities; the government of the Sultan, for instance, and the difficulties of the Ottoman Empire, are freely criticized, and M. Reclus earnestly dwells upon the artificial, and necessarily precarious, character of the present political subdivision of Europe.

The portraits sketched by M. Imbert de Saint-Amand§ have so often been attempted by others that it would be difficult to add a fresh detail to those we know already. After M. Arsène Houssaye, M. Clément, and M. Sainte-Beuve, is it not needless for any one to describe the Duchess de la Vallière? The *Causeries du Lundi* have made us thoroughly acquainted with Mme. de Lespinasse, and M. de Barthélemy's volumes on the Regent's daughters tell us everything about the Duchess de Berry; what need we of any more light thrown upon these striking figures? And yet M. de Saint-Amand has been very happy in his delineations; he has brought out their representative character, and drawn the moral lesson which the biographies of his heroines are calculated to convey. Nothing, for instance, can be truer than the contrast he points out between Mme. de la Vallière on the one hand, whose faults were retrieved by genuine repentance, and the frail beauties of the present day,

incapable of that deep passion which distinguished the women of the seventeenth century, eaten up by selfishness, and, if they put on any show of religion, doing it merely for the purpose of notoriety. Of the seven chapters which make up M. de Saint-Amand's volume, the last two introduce us to names known only to a limited portion of the reading public. Elizabeth Seton is associated with the early history of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States; and the Marchioness de Barol, by her energy in doing good, her unflagging earnestness, and her unostentatious piety, did much to reconcile to Christianity the restless population of Northern Italy. The protectress of Silvio Pellico, the friend of Count Cavour, held in the highest esteem by Charles Albert and Victor Emmanuel, Mme. de Barol deserves to be better known than she is at present, and M. de Saint-Amand's article will, we hope, induce many readers to consult the fuller biography for which we are indebted to the Count de Melun.

M. P. L. Imbert, it may be remembered, has formerly described the present state of Spain, its wretchedness and the causes of its decay. In a volume* of similar appearance, M. Armand Dubarry explains one of the principal impediments to the prosperity of Italy, and considers how it should be remedied. Travellers who have visited the dominions of Victor Emmanuel are full of appalling anecdotes of the Mafia and the Camorra; they frighten us by the description of the reign of terror which still prevails in Sicily, and which makes residence in that island absolutely unsafe. If we may believe M. Dubarry, these descriptions are in no way exaggerated; unfortunately they are the result, not of a temporary, but of a chronic state of things, and Romulus himself is the earliest Italian bandit on record. Is there no solution to this terrible difficulty? Yes, answers M. Dubarry; the unification of Italy has been the preliminary step; the progress of industry, the multiplied means of communication between the towns and the rural districts, and the spread of education, must in course of years stamp out the habit of brigandage; a free and enlightened nation will in time render the *Maffiosi* and the Camorristi impossible. M. Dubarry might have added that this desirable consummation would be materially accelerated if the Italian Government and people could get rid of their strange aversion to punish murderers effectually.

The edition of the *Chanson de Roland* published last year by M. Léon Gautier is a magnificent work, but two large octavo volumes sumptuously illustrated cannot expect a very extensive circulation; and, on the other hand, the object which the learned editor had in view would be defeated if the mass of the reading public could not be enabled to enjoy the soul-stirring poetry of the oldest French metrical romance. M. Léon Gautier maintains, contrary to the opinion of M. de Malézieu, that the French are quite as well qualified to write epic poetry as the Germans or the English, and it was important that competent judges should be enabled to deliver their verdict on the subject. Hence this cheap edition† of the *Chanson de Roland*, which contains every detail of importance, besides a number of pictorial illustrations. The preface to the original work could not and need not be reproduced in its entirety; in the present volume it is abridged, and nothing has been omitted which could facilitate the study of the poem. Next comes the poem itself, accompanied by a translation in modern French, and elucidated by a few notes; the third division of the volume gives us, under the title *Eclaircissements*, disquisitions on the legend of Charlemagne, the poetical history of Roland, the armour of mediæval warriors, and the geography of the poem. The woodcuts so liberally added to the letterpress are excellent helps to the archaeological student, and seem to us better than the etchings, which are merely the offspring of the artist's fancy. Thanks to M. Léon Gautier's enthusiasm, mediæval French poetry of the heroic and epic kind is now in a fair way of being appreciated, and the spell of the Boileau school of criticism is broken for ever.

Many years ago, when the influence of Chateaubriand and Walter Scott had given a sort of fashion to researches connected with the history of the middle ages, imitations of every kind were unblushingly palmed off upon the public, and readers were called upon to admire clumsy counterfeits which proved about as authentic as the poems of Ossian and Chatterton's Rowley. Clotilde de Surville's compositions belong to that class of apocryphal lore, and they were received with the greatest applause by persons who knew very little about the monuments of the old Langue d'Oïl. After the first *furor* had subsided, however, cool reflection came, and the result of dispassionate investigation was to strip poor Clotilde de Surville of her laurels. The poems published under her name were found to be really, in great part at least, the work of the Marquis de Surville who perished in France during the Revolution, and who was a descendant of the supposed *bas-bleu*. Clotilde had indeed left behind her a few lyrics, and they had been expanded, recast, altered, and in every way tampered with by the unfortunate Marquis. The case was supposed to be decided beyond the shadow of a doubt, but a certain M. Villedieu, member of several learned Societies, now starts as the champion of Marguerite (not Clotilde) de Surville, and it is amusing to see how he abuses M. Villemain,

* *Mémoires d'Archéologie, d'Épigraphie et d'Histoire*. Par Georges Perrot. Paris: Didier.

† *L'Opposition sous les Cæsars*. Par Gaston Boissier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Nouvelle Géographie universelle*. Par E. Reclus. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Portraits de grandes dames*. Par Imbert de Saint-Amand. Paris: Plon.

* *Le brigandage en Italie depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours*. Par A. Dubarry. Paris: Plon.

† *La Chanson de Roland; texte critique, traduction et commentaire*. Par Léon Gautier. Tours: Mame.

‡ *Marguerite de Surville, sa vie, ses œuvres, etc.* Par E. Villedieu. Paris: Douinol.

M. Sainte-Beuve, M. Gaston Paris, and all the other sceptics who do not believe in his heroine. If his arguments are not conclusive, his gallantry at any rate is most praiseworthy.

The second volume of M. Odilon Barrot's *Memoirs** is entirely taken up by the Revolution of 1848, its causes and its consequences. After describing the formation of the Provisional Government which assumed the direction of affairs on the 24th of February, our author discusses the attitude of that Government, and condemns it in no measured terms. The first accusation he directs against it is that of supporting the demagogues who were aiming, not at the introduction of necessary reforms, but at a radical revolution to be accomplished in the name of Socialism. M. Odilon Barrot shows very clearly that the Republicans on the one hand and the disciples of M. Louis Blanc on the other were pursuing two entirely different objects, and that Socialism logically carried out, far from being favourable to Republican institutions, is thoroughly destructive of all liberty. The fault of the Provisional Government was that they endeavoured to conciliate two antagonistic principles, and they would not probably have committed that fault had not the idea of a Republic been associated in the mind of most of the new rulers of France with thoughts of destruction, universal levelling, and concentration of power. Thus it was that the Revolution of February helped to clear the way for the despotism of the Second Empire, and that Lamartine and his colleagues, by coquetting with the Socialists instead of arresting them, struck a fatal blow at the order of things they were so anxious to establish. The second part of the volume before us is taken up with an account of the Constituent Assembly, the organization of the national workshops, and the days of June. The story is a sad one, because it shows the Republicans obliged to repudiate the principles which had brought them to power, and reduced to the ignominious condition of signing their own certificate of incapacity. Finally, the Constitution of 1848 comes under notice, and M. Odilon Barrot has no difficulty in showing its glaring defects, notwithstanding the care with which it had been prepared, discussed, and criticized. The framers of this extraordinary scheme had so arranged it that its necessary consequence was a perpetual antagonism between the executive and the legislative powers; the Republic was thus left at the mercy of any ambitious man who might be called to the Presidency, and the *Coup d'état* of 1851 soon put an end to the dilemma.

The Marquis de Mun's reminiscences of the late war† are not likely to please the majority of Frenchmen. Of course he has no friendly feeling towards the Germans, and the invasion of his native country is a catastrophe which he is the first to deplore; but at the same time he clearly sees the causes of the frightful collapse ending with the siege of Paris and the insurrection of the Commune, and he draws an interesting contrast between the calm, steady, quiet bearing of the Germans and the boasting tone of the French, fed upon lies, persuading themselves, even under the most trying circumstances, that they would triumph at last, and finally disheartened, disorganized, and obliged to accept the services of Garibaldi and his followers.

The volume just published by M. E. de Barthélemy‡ is an excellent specimen of the monographs which the late M. Cousin made so fashionable, and which were the latest passion of his busy life. M. Amédée Renée some years ago gathered together in one volume the portraits of Mazarin's nieces, but he said very little about Anna-Maria Martinozzi, decidedly the worthiest member of the whole family. Most of the heroines of M. Cousin, and nearly all those celebrated by M. Renée, rose into reputation through the scandal of their conduct and their systematic defiance of public opinion. The Princess de Conti was distinguished, on the contrary, by her piety, the unflinching firmness with which she resisted all the allurements of Court life, and her deep attachment to a husband who brought to her as a marriage portion a health ruined by dissipation, and a heart prematurely *désillusionné*. In the interesting octavo published by M. de Barthélemy the Princess de Conti is very properly allowed to tell her own story, and the correspondence placed before our eyes shows us, better than any narrative could have done, the trials she had to endure. Her faithful and courageous attachment to the Jansenists seems to us one of the best features in her character; for the Port-Royalists, it is well known, were not in favour at Court, and Louis XIV. hated them almost as much as he did the Protestants. In conclusion, M. E. de Barthélemy's biographical sketch supplements M. Renée's gallery of portraits, and equals it in interest.

A French translation from the German need not detain us long; we may be allowed to say, however, that Mme. Loreau's rendering of Dr. Schweinfurth's travels§ is well done, and that the maps and illustrations by which it is profusely accompanied are above the average. In preparing her work the author has made use not only of the original narrative, but of Mr. Winwood Reade's English version; and she has provided for the French public in two handsome octavo volumes plenty of wholesome intellectual food.

M. Roberts is already known by an elegant French metrical trans-

* *Mémoires posthumes d'Odilon Barrot*. Vol. VII. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Un château de Seine-et-Marne en 1870*. Par le marquis de Mun. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Une nièce de Mazarin.—La princesse de Conti d'après sa correspondance*. Par E. de Barthélemy. Paris: Didot.

§ *Around de l'Afrique, voyages et découvertes du Dr. George Schweinfurth*. Ouvrage traduit par Mme. H. Loreau. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

lation of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*; he has now grappled quite as successfully with Gray's *Elegy**, and we cannot praise too highly his knowledge of French versification, and the skill with which he has mastered the peculiar difficulties of the Alexandrine metre. We are acquainted with several renderings of the famous *Elegy*, but we have never yet seen one attempted by an Englishman, and the one before us is undoubtedly a remarkable production.

The novels we have lately received are few in number, and those few scarcely deserve even a bare mention. The *Mémoires d'un imbécile, écrits par lui-même*† will be taken up chiefly, we fancy, on account of M. Littré's long preface in favour of Positivism. Mme. Ackermann some time ago published a collection of Positivist poetry; the new school has now invaded prose fiction, and M. Noël endeavours to convert us to the doctrines of Auguste Comte by means of a tale which is rather amusing in spite of its *ex professo* tendencies. As a rule, however, controversial novels are a mistake, and the *Mémoires d'un imbécile* form no exception.

M. Bentzon's recent volume contains three tales, the first of which, by far the most striking, gives its title to the book‡; it is the history of a poor musician denounced by the priest because his fiddle is supposed to demoralize the village where he lives, and also because he receives under his roof a girl thought to be of a disreputable character. Job sets his persecutor at defiance, marries his *protégée*, and at the death of the curé purchases another fiddle, on which he plays henceforth without let or hindrance.

The rustic dramas§ composed by M. Fertiault are tragic enough, if we may judge from the first, where a wicked creature named Francette, driven to frenzy, jumps into a ferry-boat full of passengers, and causes the drowning of the whole party, merely because she is thwarted in her plan of marrying her sweetheart.

The moral lesson designed to be conveyed in the Countess de Mirabeau's|| novelettes is the danger of flirting. Jane refuses the affection of a worthy man, because he is rather slow, and ends by remaining an old maid. Germaine, thoroughly false and despicable, manages to secure a husband, but she finds that selfish people can never be truly happy.

* Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. Translated into French by J. Roberts. London: Harrison.

† *Mémoires d'un imbécile, écrits par lui-même*. Recueillis et complétés par E. Noël. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Le Violon de Job*. Par Th. Bentzon. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Les petits drames rustiques, scènes et croquis d'après nature*. Par F. Fertiault. Paris: Didier.

|| *Jane et Germaine*. Par la comtesse de Mirabeau. Paris: Didier.

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